THE MONEY TRAIN

° Draft by

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Shooting Script
October 4, 1994

043

1 EXT. TUNNEL #1 / OVERPASS - DAY 1

THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

And here's the reason: we're staring into the mouth of a subway tunnel. Faint at first, then growing louder, we hear the low rumble of a train climbing towards daylight.

Superimpose: BROOKLYN, 1975

ANGLE UP

TWO BOYS sit on the low overpass, legs dangling, alert to the growing roar. They are 10 years old, rough-and-tumble street kids. JOHN is black, DAVID is white. They are playing their favorite game -- goading each other into dangerous situations.

DAVID
You dare me?

JOHN
What for? You aren't gonna do it.

DAVID
You think I won't?

JOHN
I know you won't.

DAVID
You sayin' I'm chicken?

JOHN
Bawk, bawk, bawk.

The train explodes out of the tunnel, a symphony of wind and noise. The boys look at each other. John raises an eyebrow, challenging "Go ahead." But David hesitates.

JOHN
(continuing)
You're not gonna do it.

David frowns, very sad.

DAVID
You're right. I'm not gonna do it.
(flashing a devilish grin)
We're gonna do it!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

David grabs John around the shoulder and launches them both into space.

JOHN
(as he falls)
Ho shit!

2 EXT. MOVING TRAIN - DAY 2

John lands on the roof of the racketing car, somehow able to remain on his feet in a low crouch. He looks over, surprised and delighted to see David on the other side of the roof, arms out, balancing himself.

But David is a born show-off. He gets carried away and, suddenly, he's losing his balance. That's when John is there. He grabs David by the belt and pulls him back to safety.

David grins his thanks. Side by side, the boys "surf" together as the Brooklyn scenery flashes by. Dangerous as hell but totally thrilling.

Coming toward them on the opposite track is a grimy yellow two-car train. It is heavily armored and looks like some kind of rolling fortress.

DAVID
Yo, John.
(pointing)
Money Train. Check it out.

The Money Train rumbles by, mean and deadly.

JOHN
I'd like to crack that piggy bank.

DAVID
How much you think it's got?

JOHN
All that subway money? Couple million at least.

DAVID
(bright idea)
Money like that -- we could move to California and do some <u>real</u> surfin'!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

And they're back into the fantasy, pretending to ride a big bitchin' curl as the train rolls into John and David's home station.

3 INT. TRAIN - DAY 3

The open area between cars. John and David drop down from above, still high from their wild ride. John throws open the sliding door and walks nose first into...

A TRANSIT DETECTIVE

Tough and rugged, early 30s, wearing a gold shield which hangs from his sports jacket. He stares down at John and David with a jaded, unforgiving eye. Busted.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WORKING-CLASS STREET - DAY 4

A Ford Fairlane rolls to a stop in front of a modest, well-kept house. The Transit Detective gets out of the driver's seat. He opens the door to the back seat where John and David are seated. The Detective reaches in, hauls John out. When David tries to follow, the Detective shoves him back.

DETECTIVE
Keep your ass glued to that seat.

The Detective walks John to the front door. JOHN'S MOM, a strong-featured woman in her late 30s, is already waiting at the open door.

The Detective has his hand on the back of John's neck.

DETECTIVE
(continuing; to John's Mom)
You know what train surfing is?

Mom glares at John.

MOM
Yes, sir. It's a stupid way for a boy to get himself killed.

JOHN
Momma, we were just foolin'...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

But it's useless. John knows he's gonna catch hell. The Detective taps a folded piece of paper stuck in John's shirt pocket.

DETECTIVE
He's got a desk appearance at Juvie Court tomorrow at 11. You know where Juvie Court is?
(cynical tone)
Sure you do.

The Detective turns and walks back to his car where David sits sulking.

MOM
(calling to the Detective)
That one's mine, too.

The Detective stops, slightly startled. White kid, black mom.

DETECTIVE
You kiddin' me?

MOM
No, sir. He's foster.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY 5

John and David, side by side on the sofa. Mom stands over them.

MOM
I warned you boys. One more run-in with the police...

JOHN
Please, Momma. Don't make David go back. It was my fault. I made him do it.

DAVID
No, he didn't. I'm the one who said let's train surf.
(a sullen shrug)
You wanna send me back, that's okay.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

Mom's heart is breaking. She sits down beside David, puts an arm around him. He may be a tough kid, but he still responds to love. As Mom talks, he lowers his face, trying to fight back tears.

MOM
David, what am I gonna do? John's no angel. Never was. But since we took you in, it's been one thing after another. With all the gifts you got, it would break my heart to see you turn out to be a bum.

On David's troubled face, we...

CUT TO:

6 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - DAY 6

DAVID - 20 YEARS LATER

A grown man -- wobbly and fucked up, hair askew. A bum. We pull back to show David in all his glory; staggering in place, drunk, disheveled, holding onto a handrail in the bowels of the subway.

It's late. Not many commuters. As PEOPLE pass David, they exhibit various responses. Some are amused. Others are scared. Most are oblivious. David makes his way toward the station platform.

A YOUNG BLACK PASSERBY hesitates, eyes David, approaches.

PASSERBY
You okay?

The guy steadies David by gripping his arm. David is wearing a rumpled suit and sporting a loud watch, a large gold ring, and a gold medallion hanging from a gold chain.

PASSERBY
(continuing)
Need some help?

Over the scene, we hear a soft, disembodied male voice:

JOHN (V.O.)
Be advised, we've got a maybe player. Black, mid-20s, Timberland cap and green parka. He's talking to the D.

7 INT. PHONE BANKS ON THE LEVEL ABOVE - TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - DAY 7

TWO PLAINCLOTHES COPS, male and female, hold nonworking phones to their ears. They also sport Walkman earphones over which they hear:

JOHN (V.O.)
Still talking to the D, still holding his arm. Could be a Good Samaritan...

8 INT. PHONE BANKS ON THE LEVEL BELOW - TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - DAY 8

TWO MORE PLAINCLOTHES COPS, these dressed in Wall Street disguises -- business suits, empty briefcases. They likewise are holding dead phones and listening to John's V.O. commentary on Walkman earphones.

9 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - PLATFORM - DAY 9

The Passerby moves away from David.

JOHN (V.O.)
Okay, he's walked off now, heading up the ramp. False alarm, false alarm.

SOMEBODY'S POV

We're now watching David through the slatted, grimy vent of an ancient exhaust fan. He's reeling and lurching, but his feet never move. It's like he's holding his mark on stage.

10 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #1 - REVERSE ANGLE - DAY 10

David's foster brother John, 30, is hunched behind the grimy vent, watching David through mini-binoculars and speaking softly into a hand-held radio. The maintenance room is dimly lit.

JOHN
(into the radio)
Okay, the D's all clear. All quiet, all clear around the D.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

FEMALE (V.O.)
(over John's radio; hushed)
John, we got two Hispanic males, twenties, a Red Hood and an 8-Ball, heading down the ramp. This is their second walk-by...

11 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - PLATFORM - JOHN'S POV - DAY 11

TWO HISPANIC MALES approach David.

JOHN (V.O.)
Got 'em.

PLATFORM

One of the males wears a red sweatshirt with a hood. The other wears an oversized jacket with an 8-ball on the back.

RED HOOD
(to David; soft, solicitous)
Yo, you sick or somethin'?

8-BALL
(to his bro)
Let's go, man. Motherfucker's a decoy. He's Five-O.

David is in a drunken stupor, stepping in place as Red Hood caresses his arms and back.

RED HOOD
You on the job, man?

In response, David lets out an enormous bullfrog belch and falls back on a bench, sprawling out. Red Hood slices onto the bench beside him, fingers David's medallion.

RED HOOD
(continuing)
Ain't this <u>mine</u>? Looks familiar.

8-Ball has had enough of this shit.

8-BALL
C'mon, yo. I never seen no white man wear gold like that. Y'all too stupid to hang with. Later for you. Peace. Out.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

8-Ball ambles off.

8-BALL
(continuing; grumbling)
Motherfucker's so stupid he gonna get hit by a parked car.

On the bench, David lets out a snore. He's asleep now. So Red Hood snaps the medallion, palms it.

RED HOOD
Remember I said to hold this for me?

JOHN (V.O.)
(softly)
Hoodie's got a slice, but he's hangin' it. Gonna go for the whole pie. Nobody go. Nobody go.

12 INT. PHONE BANKS - UPPER LEVEL - TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - DAY 12

QUICK SHOT of two of the cops, MICKEY and CARLA, nervous like horses at the gate, hanging on John's every word.

12A INT. PHONE BANKS - LOWER LEVEL - TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - DAY 12A

QUICK SHOT of two more cops, DARRYL and VICTOR, also nervous like horses at the gate and hanging on John's every word.

13 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - PLATFORM - DAY 13

Red Hood goes for the ring on David's finger.

RED HOOD
That's my ring, too.
(sliding it off David's finger)
Been lookin' all over for this, thank you.

14 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #1 - DAY 14

John tenses, watching through the slats.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

JOHN
(to himself; to Hoodie)
Don't forget the watch, bitch.

15 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - PLATFORM - DAY 15

Sure enough...

RED HOOD
And shit if that ain't my watch.

Red Hood takes the watch, then gets braver and begins to search David's pockets.

RED HOOD
(continuing)
What else you gonna give me for Christmas?

Red Hood's hand goes behind David's back, rimming his waistband. His eyes go wide. He stiffens with alarm. He's found something he didn't expect. Red Hood's hand comes out from behind David with a policeman's shield in it!

Red Hood looks at David in surprise. David opens his eyes and grins, totally sober. Gotcha. David tugs on his collar. That's the signal.

ANGLE

John explodes out of the maintenance room, gun drawn, heading for the platform.

JOHN
(into his radio)
Surf's up!

From above and below, the other Cops converge on the scene.

JOHN
(continuing; to Red Hood, shouting)
Transit Police! You're under arrest!

In a lightning move, Red Hood scrambles over David and the bench. He leaps off the platform and lands on the tracks in the trench below. Before John and his four partners can get to the edge of the plat, Red Hood is already up and hauling ass toward the northbound tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

JOHN
(continuing; quickly;
to the others)
Mickey! Carla! 50th Street
Station!

Mickey and Carla take off.

JOHN
(continuing)
Darryl! Victor! Hang back!

Before John can bark his next order, David flashes by, leaps off the platform, and takes off in hot pursuit of the perp. He has undergone a remarkable transformation from hopeless drunk to action cop.

DAVID
(over his shoulder to
John)
I got him!

JOHN
(under his breath)
You got him... who's got you?

And with a "Here-we-go-again" shrug, John jumps off the platform and charges into the tunnel after David and Red Hood.

16 INT. TUNNEL #2 - DAY 16

As David gives chase, he reaches down into the front of his pants and pulls out a Glock. Within seconds, John materializes beside him, running full out.

JOHN
Cute. Real cute. Couldn't
resist that play with the badge,
could you?

DAVID
Naw, man. That's always good for
a laugh. The look on his face --

JOHN
(suddenly)
Ho shit! Incoming!

Just like when they were kids, John grabs David by the belt and throws him hard against the tunnel wall. And just in time.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Headlights gash the black pitch of the tunnel, beams rising and bouncing along the walls as an Express train roars at them.

John and David flatten their backs against the concrete wall and suck in their fronts. Two-thirds of the train is over their heads; most of what they see is motors and wheels moving, at such close quarters, beyond the shutter speed of the human eye. Everything about the passing cars is colossal as they racket past, shooting a mighty roar of wind at 40 miles an hour past John and David's ears.

As the train flies by, David thanks John by giving him an appreciative grin. John may draw his salary as a decoy cop, but saving David's ass is his full-time job.

Up ahead, Red Hood is hugging the wall as well, eyes clamped tightly shut, praying for his life. As soon as the train is clear, the chase resumes.

JOHN AND DAVID

John moves into the lead. Not to be outdone, David pours on the speed in an effort to catch up. It's clear that these guys are loving every minute.

17 INT. 50TH STREET SUBWAY STATION #2 - DAY 17

Just a few STRAGGLERS waiting for trains. Nothing out of the ordinary.

That's when the Money Train rolls into the station. It's the same two-car fortress on wheels that John and David saw 20 years ago. Its heavy armor exterior is battle-scarred from years of service. Iron bars on the windows. Crude and intimidating, like a big T-Rex, the Money Train grinds into the station and stops.

The doors slide open and SIX ARMED GUARDS in MTA uniforms and bullet-proof vests emerge. They quickly form a human corridor between the Money Train and the token booth. The message is loud and clear to anyone watching. Don't fuck with these guys.

18 INT. TUNNEL #2 - DAY 18

John and David pour it on, sprinting through the darkness, their breaths crystalizing in the cold air. Every once in awhile, they catch a flash of Red Hood about 20 yards ahead, running for his life.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

JOHN
(shouting after him)
Yo, Little Red Riding Hood! Give it up, homes! 'Cause in a minute we're gonna get tired and start shooting!

DAVID
(part of the act)
Fuck it! I'm tired <u>now</u>!

JOHN
You hear that, Little Red? My partner's gonna bust a cap in your butt!

But Red Hood keeps running.

JOHN
(continuing; to David)
Maybe he heard what a lousy shot you are!

19 INT. 50TH STREET SUBWAY STATION #2 - DAY 19

While Three Guards stand by with guns drawn, the other Three carry heavy sacks of cash, change and tokens from the token booth safe to the Money Train. They load the sacks into the second car, which is already packed with other bags from other stations.

20 INT. 50TH STREET SUBWAY STATION #2 - NORTHBOUND TUNNEL - DAY 20

Red Hood bursts out. He clambers up on the platform and keeps running as John and David emerge. They slam on the brakes to get their bearings, spot Red Hood flying along the platform, and climb after him.

21 INT. 50TH STREET SUBWAY STATION #2 - PLATFORM - DAY. 21

A ROOKIE TRANSIT COP steps into Red Hood's path, pulling out his revolver. Red Hood collides with the young Cop and they go down in a tangle of arms and legs. Red Hood scrambles up, grabs the young Cop's fallen gun, and hysterically threatens the officer.

RED HOOD
Back off!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

The rookie backs off. Red Hood sprints on down the platform. John and David flash by in hot pursuit.

22 INT. 50TH STREET SUBWAY STATION #2 - MONEY TRAIN - DAY 22

The Guards respond to the sound of Red Hood's feet. They turn as Red Hood comes charging at them, brandishing the rookie Cop's gun. Behind him are John and David, now on the platform, guns drawn.

GUARDS
(shouting)
Stop! Freeze!

But Red Hood keeps coming. What happens next is like a bad dream, blurred and unreal.

Three of the Money Train Guards raise their weapons and open fire on Red Hood. His eyes widen in surprise as a volley of bullets strikes him full in the chest and lifts him right off his feet. Red Hood lands on his back with a sickening smack. Dead.

John and David dive for cover behind steel columns. As the echoing gun blasts subside, they start shouting:

JOHN AND DAVID
Decoy! Transit Decoy!

They wave their badges in the air.

The Money Train Guards stand ready to blow away anybody without the slightest hesitation. COMMUTERS peer out from various hiding places.

JOHN
(continuing; shouting)
Officers Drew and Kaylor! We're coming out! Just hold your fire!

Cautiously, John and David step out from their hiding places, hands in the air. As they approach, the three Money Train shooters slowly come forward to meet them. The two groups converge over the body of Red Hood. Recognizing John and David as Transit, the Guards lower their weapons, but they're still on the defense.

John and David look down at the corpse, struck by the senseless stupidity of it all.

DAVID
(to the Guards, pissed)
Goddamn trigger happy...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

FIRST GUARD
(tough)
Who you callin' trigger happy?

DAVID
You, Roy Rogers, and the rest of your Wild West Show...

John restrains David with his hand.

JOHN
David -- chill out.

DAVID
Chill out? They cut this kid in half for snatching a goddamn chain!

SECOND GUARD
Fucker had a gun.

JOHN
Yeah, well, you should have warned him.

THIRD GUARD
(an obvious lie)
We warned him.

JOHN
Bullshit.

SECOND GUARD
Don't try to pin it on us. You're the ones who caused it.

DAVID
What?

SECOND GUARD
You chased him right into us. That's right. If you hadn't fucked up, he'd still be alive.

David's eyes narrow to murderous slits.

DAVID
What did you say?

SECOND GUARD
I said you fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

David flies at the Second Guard, fist cocked. But John grabs David and pulls him back. The Second Guard chortles in a cocky manner.

JOHN
(restraining David)
You're not gonna hit him.

DAVID
Why not?

JOHN
'Cause I'm gonna hit him.

John turns and slams his fist into the Second Guard's jaw. And that's when all hell breaks loose.

CUT TO:

23 INT. PATTERSON'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 23

John and David are seated on a couch in the outer office of a Transit VIP. Their clothes are torn and dirty, but they are totally nonchalant.

David nurses a bloody nose, stuffing a Kleenex in his nostril and tilting his head back. Behind a closed door on the other side of the room, a violent argument is going on between two unseen men. The name on the door reads "DONALD M. PATTERSON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER, REVENUE DIVISION."

DAVID
When that giant Samoan guard threw me up against the train, I got a real good look inside. There must've been a million bucks in that sucker. Maybe more.

JOHN
Don't start.

DAVID
No. Check this out. It's brilliant. If you want to rob the Money Train, you gotta make it into a ghost train.

JOHN
I mean it. This is not the time or the place.

But David is off and running.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

DAVID
First, you move it out of the station, then run back on the tracks and stick a beer can on one of those insulation joints. If any kind of steel touches one of those joints, it lights up one of the blue lights on the train board, just like a real train would. Everybody down at the RTO thinks it's the Money Train still sitting in the station...

That's when the door to Patterson's office opens and their C.O., DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT ARTHUR RILEY, emerges, looking like he's lost the fight of his life. Riley is in his 50s, a rumpled old pro.

Riley looks at his two prize pupils, shakes his head in fond disgust, shrugs as if to say, "I tried."

Then, shrugging on his overcoat, Riley leaves the office. The door to Patterson's office stands wide open. From inside comes a kindly voice.

PATTERSON (O.S.)
Come in, gentlemen. Come in.

John and David look at each other like when they were 12 and the Principal would call them into his office. They rise and go to the door. Camera travels with them as they enter...

24 INT. DONALD PATTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY 24

Neat but cluttered. The walls are filled with plaques, photographs and awards. It all testifies to the successful career of the blunt bulldog of a man seated behind the massive desk... DONALD PATTERSON, the most powerful man in the Transit Police. Patterson is in his late 40s, a street fighter in a business suit, a coarse man with a personality to match.

PATTERSON
(polite)
Sit down, gentlemen.

John and David drop into chairs.

PATTERSON
(continuing; to David)
And take that Kleenex out of your nose.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

DAVID
Yes, sir.

David removes the bloody tissue from his nostril. He wads it up and tosses it at Patterson's waste can. It misses but sticks on the side.

JOHN
I think I can explain...

PATTERSON
(calmly)
Shut up.

JOHN
Yes, sir.

Patterson rubs his face. His eyes fasten on an object sitting on his desk -- a small replica of the Money Train. He looks at it, then turns his deadly stare on John and David.

PATTERSON
I'll explain. The Revenue Train is under my direct command. My train. My people. My money. No one but no one can dictate the movement of that train without my permission. Am I making myself clear?

DAVID
As a bell, sir. Your train. Your people. Your money.

PATTERSON
(calmly)
Shut up.

DAVID
Yes, sir.

PATTERSON
Everything under the streets is mine. If you fuck with what is mine, I will fuck with you. You put my men and my money at risk. That will never happen again.

John and David try to look contrite, but inside they're both screaming "Fuck you!"

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

PATTERSON
(continuing)
But if it does, I will have your balls and I will have your badges. Have a nice day.

Patterson swivels around in his chair, turning his back on John and David. The meeting is over. John and David rise. They look at each other, surprised to be alive. John heads for the door. David hangs back for a second, then follows.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. TRANSIT BUILDING - JAY STREET, BROOKLYN - DAY 25

Bleak winter, cold as hell. The street is decorated for Christmas. John and David emerge from the building and walk toward the subway, carried along with holiday shoppers.

JOHN
You're unbelievable, you know that? We were <u>that</u> close to being ex-cops. We could be standing behind a counter asking, 'Do you want fries with that, ma'am?'

DAVID
Like I was saying before we were so rudely interrupted... you do the trick with the beer cans, right? It's gonna throw red lights all the way back down the line, stop everything from moving. Meantime, the Money Train's completely off the board, flyin' along undetected...

JOHN
You don't quit, do you?

DAVID
It's a good plan.

JOHN
Yeah. Like all your <u>other</u> plans since we were kids.

DAVID
This one'll work.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

JOHN
Only one little problem, slick.

DAVID
What's that?

JOHN
In case you haven't noticed... we're cops. We can't steal the Money Train.

DAVID
I know. But we can dream.

And to illustrate his point, David reaches inside his jacket and takes out the model of the Money Train which he boosted off Patterson's desk. John looks at David in surprise, then breaks into a grin.

JOHN
(shaking his head)
Unbelievable.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. WORKING-CLASS STREET / JOHN'S APARTMENT, BROOKLYN - DAY 26

John and David turn a corner and walk down the street they grew up on. The modest houses have held their own over the years and are still well-kept -- including the house John and David grew up in, which is now an active Day Care Center. As the boys walk by, PRESCHOOL CHILDREN run to the fence to wave hello and shout greetings to "Officer John."

DAVID
'Officer John.' How's it feel to be the hero of the 'hood?

JOHN
Why don't you move back and find out for yourself?

DAVID
Naw, I like the city. More action.

A GROUP OF OLDER KIDS are playing a rough-and-tumble game of football in the middle of the street. The "quarterback" throws a wild pass. John sees the ball coming. He drops back and snags it out of the air. Then he charges "downfield" with David at his side.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

With shouts of "Hey! It's John and David!," the kids get into the spirit and rush them.

DAVID
(continuing)
John! I'm open! Hit me!

John laterals the ball to David, who dodges kids, executes a pirouette, and tosses the ball back to John. Throwing it back and forth over the heads of the shouting kids, John and David carry the ball across the "goal line." They cheer, do an elaborate butt-waggling victory dance, and high five each other.

The kids stand by and watch these antics like sore losers, not exactly amused.

JOHN
(to the kids)
Yo, cheer up. You just witnessed a recreation of sports history.

DAVID
The greatest two-man football team that ever lived on Durant Street.

BIGGEST KID
(unimpressed)
Right. Can we have our ball back?

John frowns at David and gives up the ball. As the kids get back to their game, John and David continue up the block.

DAVID
It's tough being living legends.

They stop in front of John's modest apartment building.

JOHN
You coming in?

DAVID
No, I gotta move on.
(reminded)
You got any cash?

JOHN
Hundred bucks. Why?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

DAVID
I gotta get your Christmas present and I'm all tapped out at the ATM.

JOHN
Wait. I'm supposed to give you money for my Christmas present?

DAVID
Yeah.

John digs out the cash, slaps it into David's gloved hand.

JOHN
Tell me I'm gonna get this back.

DAVID
Tomorrow. Thanks, bro.

David hurries off down the street, headed for the subway. Mildly concerned, a little suspicious, John watches until David is out of sight. Then John goes up the walk of his building. He greets a NEIGHBOR coming out.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 27

David raps on a door. After a moment, the door cracks open to reveal A SINISTER FACE. Behind it, we see a smoke-filled room and OTHER MEN crowded around a poker table. David smiles and holds up John's money. The door opens.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - HOURS LATER - NIGHT 28

Close on a huge pile of chips in the middle of the poker table. Pan up to David, studying his cards. With a flourish, he slides all his chips into the pile.

DAVID
I'll see you... and raise you five thousand.

The player he's bucking up against is a dapper, dark-haired gentleman in his 40s with a warm smile and the cold, dead eyes of a serpent. He's called MR. BROWN.

MR. BROWN
With what? You're out of chips.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

No problem. David takes off his Rolex watch. He removes the gold chain from his neck. He slides a big, jewelled ring off his finger. He holds the treasures in his hand, then drops them in the center of the table. On David's confident smile, we...

CUT TO:

29 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 29

A fixer-upper that needs a lot of fixing up. There is very little furniture, but it's a beginning. John has fallen asleep on his futon bed, still wearing his clothes. The phone rings, rousing him. He rolls over and grabs it.

JOHN
(groggy)
Drew.

DAVID (V.O.)
(on the other end; cheerful)
You awake?

JOHN
Let me check. Naw. Sound asleep.

DAVID (V.O.)
Well, wake up. We got a little problem.

John becomes concerned. This isn't the first time he's gotten one of these calls.

DAVID (V.O.)
(continuing)
I need you to bring me some cash.

JOHN
How much?

DAVID (V.O.)
As much as you can get.

JOHN
David, are you all right?

DAVID (V.O.)
I've been better. Edison Hotel, room 915. Don't stop for coffee.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

The line goes dead. With a sense of dread, John hangs up and swings out of bed.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SLEAZY HOTEL NEAR TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT 30

John rides up on his motorcycle, a battered Indian. He locks it and hurries into the flea-trap hotel.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. SLEAZY HOTEL CORRIDOR - 9TH FLOOR - NIGHT 31

Elevator doors creak open and John enters the corridor. He hurries to room 915. The door is half open. John gives it a shove and enters.

32 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 32

The poker table is littered with chips and discarded poker hands. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air. A cigar burns in an ashtray. But the chairs are vacant. What the hell's going on?

John hears angry voices in the adjoining bedroom and instinctively whips out his gun.

John follows the sound of the voices. He steps into the bedroom and sees FIVE TOUGH MULTIETHNIC PLAYERS crowded around an open window. Two of the players are gripping the ankles of a man they are dangling out the window, nine floors up. If you haven't guessed by now, the ankles belong to David.

DAVID (O.S.)
He'll <u>be</u> here! I swear it! He's my brother!

MR. BROWN
Your brother better get here soon or he's going to be an only child.

John steps into the room.

JOHN
Nobody move. Do <u>not</u> raise your hands.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Mr. Brown and the other Players turn and see John standing there with his gun drawn.

DAVID (O.S.)
John! About time!

MR. BROWN
This is your brother?

John keeps them covered.

JOHN
David, you want to explain this?

We intercut with David hanging outside the window, upside down. A scary, vertigo-inducing angle. The street waits for David, nine stories down.

DAVID
Apparently a man's word is no good here. Uh, you got the money?

JOHN
Three hundred bucks.

FIRST PLAYER
(with disdain)
Motherfucker owes Mr. Brown fifteen thousand.

JOHN
Fifteen thousand?

A SECOND PLAYER holds up David's "Rolex," etc.

SECOND PLAYER
He tried to palm off some crap-ass street shit that ain't worth fifty bucks.

Disgusted, John lowers his gun.

JOHN
You know what? Drop him.

Mr. Brown and the Players look at each other.

DAVID
Wait! He's kidding!

JOHN
The hell I am. Drop the motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

DAVID
John! These guys don't have a sense of humor! They don't know you're kidding!

JOHN
I'm not kidding. I'm tired of this shit. Drop him.

FIRST PLAYER
(indifferent)
You the man.

They're about to do it, too.

DAVID
(in terror)
John!

JOHN
(suddenly)
Whoa, whoa! Wait.

John reaches into his pocket and holds out the bucks.

JOHN
(continuing; in weary defeat)
Three hundred now.

Mr. Brown considers. For emphasis, John raises the gun.

JOHN
(continuing)
The rest later. Reel him in.

With a smile and a shrug, Mr. Brown gestures for the Players to pull David back into the room.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SLEAZY HOTEL - NIGHT 33

John emerges from the hotel like a man who's had it. He goes to the street and mounts his bike. David comes out, straightening his clothes in a dignified manner, on top of the world again.

DAVID
(happy smile)
Thanks, man. Talk about hairy. For a minute, I thought they were gonna prove I couldn't fly.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

JOHN
You promised me you'd stop this shit.

DAVID
I had a full boat -- a sweetheart hand. I couldn't lose.

JOHN
Right. You couldn't lose. You know how many times I've heard that?

John jump-starts his bike, revs the engine, and takes off down the street.

DAVID
(shouting)
Aw, c'mon! Don't be mad! It's Christmas! John! I'll make it up to you!

But John is already gone. David stands there, feeling miserable. He pulls up his collar, digs his hands into his pockets, and walks off, shoulders hunched against the cold.

CUT TO:

34 INT. POLICE GYM - DAY 34

Gloved fists pummel a heavy bag with skill and ferocity. We pull back to reveal John, stripped to the waist in trunks, his hard-muscled body glistening with sweat. He continues to punish the bag, working out his inner frustrations. We see other men and women working out in the b.g. It's a loud, noisy place.

John delivers a series of lightning-fast punches, then steps back to catch his breath and there stands David in boxing gloves and headgear. David grins at John and nods toward the makeshift ring in the middle of the gym.

DAVID
I'll let you win.

JOHN
(almost laughs)
You'll <u>let</u> me win?

David gives John his best sad little waif look, practically a Keene painting in the flesh.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

DAVID
I really feel bad about last night. So to show how much I love you, I'm gonna let you beat the living shit out of me.

JOHN
Sounds good to me.
(heading for the ring)
Come on, Great White Hope. Let's go.

David expected John to let him off the hook. He follows, a little worried by John's eagerness.

DAVID
Don't you want to put on some headgear? You really ought to protect yourself.

JOHN
What for? You're never gonna get close enough to land a punch.

John and David climb into the ring. They come together, touch gloves, then back off and begin to spar. John and David are good fighters, but in the ring John has all the moves. He dances David around, jabbing at him.

DAVID
John, I've been thinking.

JOHN
First time for everything.

DAVID
Last night, hanging out that window -- it made me think about my life. It made me realize I gotta change. John, I'm gonna give up gambling.

JOHN
Ten bucks says you can't.

DAVID
Make it <u>twenty</u> and you got a bet.

John drops his arms and backs off in frustration.

JOHN
What am I gonna do with you? It's like a curse.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

JOHN (CONT'D)
How come I have to have the world's dumbest white boy for a brother?

DAVID
(with his big, winning smile)
Just lucky I guess.

John feels himself giving in to David's boyish charm.

JOHN
That tears it. Now I'm <u>really</u> gonna kill your ass.

David knows he's won John over. He gets cocky.

DAVID
(playful; lovable)
Bring it on. I don't see no stop signs.

John comes dancing forward, throwing punches. David blocks him.

JOHN
(as they fight)
Fifteen thousand bucks.

DAVID
I'll think of something.

JOHN
You mean <u>I'll</u> think of something.

DAVID
You always do.
(slightest beat)
Of course, we could rob the Money Train.

JOHN
Ho! Here we go again. Rob the Money Train. Your solution to everything.

DAVID
Time's running out, John. In six months or a year, they're gonna switch over to the sliding cards and then it's bye-bye Money Train. It's the last stagecoach, John, and it's <u>leaving</u>.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3) 34

JOHN
You know, sometimes I think you're serious.

DAVID
Don't I look serious?

JOHN
(joking)
No, you look stupid. But I'm gonna knock that look off your face. Let's go, big time. Show me what you got...

They box, trading jibes and insults. Resembling the boys they once were, John and David duke each other around the ring, bobbing and weaving, laughing and playful -- best friends 'til the end of time.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 35

A battered Econoline van sits at the curb, engine idling. Members of the Decoy Unit leave the building and climb on board, chatting and joking. Last to emerge from the building are John and David. They jump into the van, the door slides shut, and the van pulls into traffic.

36 INT. VAN - LATE AFTERNOON 36

Four rows of seats. Laughter and chatter.

John and David settle into the third row. FELLOW DECOY COPS sit behind them in the dark. In the passenger seat, their C.O., Arthur Riley, turns around.

RILEY
John, David. Say hello to Grace Santiago. She's gonna be working with us.

Behind John and David, GRACE SANTIAGO leans forward out of the darkness and into the light. It's a heart-stopping moment as Grace's strong, intelligent features materialize in an almost spooky, ethereal way. She is in her late 20s, beautiful but unadorned. Her long black hair is swept back in a ponytail.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

John and David turn and get an eyeful -- instantly struck by the look and bearing of this vibrant young woman. To their credit, they are such good actors that their faces register very little. But they are both intrigued. Grace gives them a polite, professional smile and they exchange greetings.

ALL AT ONCE
Hi... Welcome to the team...
Thanks... Nice to meet you...

John and David turn forward again. They're both wondering where this incredible woman has been all their lives.

JOHN
(to Riley; casual)
What happened to Carla?

RILEY
She caught the flu.

JOHN AND DAVID
(at the same time)
Too bad!

John and David give each other irritated, wary looks.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 37

COMMUTERS come and go, hurrying home with their Christmas shopping, most of them paying no attention to John, who is sprawled on a bench in a spread-legged stupor -- his decoy mode.

DAVID (V.O.)
(hushed tone)
All quiet. All clear by the D.
(then, quietly, singing)
'Oh come, all ye faithful...'

A TEENAGE COUPLE walks past. The Boy stops to observe John. The Girl tugs on his sleeve, but the Boy ignores her, concentrating on John like a predator who has picked out the weakest member of the pack.

DAVID (V.O.)
(continuing)
Hold on. We got a Christmas shopper. Hispanic male, about 19. With his girlfriend.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

DAVID (CONT'D)
Definitely interested. Male is about five nine. Black team jacket. Baggy pants. Black high-top tennies. Female is wearing a red ski jacket with a blue scarf, white go-go's.

38 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #2 - NIGHT 38

A tiny, dark enclosure with blacked-out windows. Tonight, David is the spotter.

David observes John on the platform, peering through mini-binoculars and speaking quietly into a radio to the other unit members who are deployed throughout the station.

David's companion is Grace, who is also watching John through mini-binoculars. David narrates the "action" over the radio.

DAVID
This guy wants to make a play. Heads up for a fast one on the platform. Stand by, stand by. Now his girlfriend's trying to talk him out of it. Oh, man, she's really busting his balls. Now they're leaving. They're walking away. All clear by the Decoy. Repeat: all quiet, all clear by D.

David and Grace lower their binoculars at the same time and share a look of disappointment.

DAVID
(continuing)
She talked him out of it.

GRACE
Best Christmas present <u>he</u> ever got.

They both go back to observing John. Grace is impressed and comments on John's performance.

GRACE
(continuing)
He's pro.

DAVID
He's all right.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

GRACE
You're better?

DAVID
I taught him everything he knows.
(explaining)
He's my brother.

A remark which usually shocks people. But not Grace. She continues to observe John.

GRACE
(finally; droll)
Yeah, I noticed the resemblance.

David smiles. He likes Grace's cool, dry attitude.

DAVID
After tour, you should come out with us. You know, for a little Christmas cheer. Have a few egg nogs. 'Tis the season.

GRACE
I'll think about it.

DAVID
No biggie.
(into the radio)
Heads up. I think we got something.

39 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 39

Out on the platform, TWO BLACK WOMEN are studying John from close by, frowning in concentration.

WOMAN #1
You know, this one don't look too bad.

Woman #2 smooths back John's nappy hair, licks her thumb, and uses it to clean his face.

WOMAN #2
Not bad at all. Maybe if ~~we took~~ him home and cleaned him up...

John stays in character, glazed and oblivious as the two Women try to haul him to his feet.

40 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #2 - NIGHT 40

DAVID
(into his radio; trying not to laugh)
Looks like we got a kidnapping in progress. Maybe some kind of sex-slave thing.

GRACE
You want me to go out and break it up?

But David is enjoying John's plight. He lives for moments like this.

DAVID
Not yet. Let's see where it goes.

GRACE
I'm gonna bust it up.

DAVID
It's just getting good.

GRACE
They're taking him out of the play.

DAVID
Yeah, all right.

Grace slips out of the room.

DAVID
(continuing; disappointed, into radio)
Heads up. Grace is coming out. She's gonna crash the threesome and walk John back. Everybody stand by.

41 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 41

Out on the platform, the Women are dragging John toward the turnstiles. John is stealing peaks, waiting for somebody to save him, knowing David is probably laughing his ass off.

WOMAN #1
(to John)
We're gonna take you home and give you some TLC.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

Grace drunkenly stumbles through the turnstile. She sees the Women with John and goes ballistic, doing a perfect imitation of a drunken street crazy.

GRACE
Hey! Get your hands off my man! What you bitches think you're doin'? That sorry-ass man is mine!

Grace glares at them with murderous eyes. The Women don't want any trouble. They release John and hurry off down the platform as fast as they can.

GRACE
(continuing)
You better run!

John wobbles, falls forward, but Grace is there to catch him in her arms.

GRACE
(continuing; loud, for effect)
I turn my back for one minute -- one minute -- and you're doggin' me --

Grace stagger-walks John back toward his original position on the platform.

JOHN
(under his breath)
Thanks.

GRACE
No problem.

JOHN
Did David enjoy the show?

GRACE
Immensely.

JOHN
How about you?

GRACE
I think you're probably the best decoy I've ever seen.
(with humor)
Even if you did learn everything you know from your brother.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

JOHN
He said that? I may have to kill him.

They arrive on the spot. Grace leans John against the bench and gives him loud, drunken instructions.

GRACE
Now you wait right there, you hear me? You wait right there 'til I come back. Don't be wandering off with no other women...

Grace staggers off. John steadies himself against the bench and continues his performance.

42 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - OPPOSITE PLATFORM / TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT 42

where the TOKEN CLERK, a heavyset black man, is perched on his stool, head back, mouth hanging open, sound asleep. He continues to snore lightly as a TALL, SPECTRAL MAN in a simple gray overcoat approaches the window. The man's face is hawklike, gaunt and pale, and his eyes shine with haunted insanity. His neck and the underside of his jaw are burn-scarred. Meet THE TORCH.

The Torch comes up to the token window, amused to see that the Clerk is asleep. The Torch opens his overcoat. Inside is a strange hook-up -- a plastic bottle fastened to his chest with a long hose attached to it.

The Torch takes the hose and inserts the nozzle end in the change slot of the token booth. The Torch squeezes the bottle and pumps out a fluid that splashes into the token booth. <u>It's gasoline</u>.

The Token Clerk feels the wet gasoline splashing into his lap and awakens with a start. His nostrils flare at the familiar smell of gas. The Clerk looks up in alarm and sees The Torch on the other side of the glass, giving him a wild-eyed look. Before the Clerk can react, The Torch ignites a kitchen match with his thumbnail and holds it over the gas-soaked token slot.

THE TORCH
(his voice is a harsh whisper)
Hand out the cash. Do it, you fat fuck, or it's 'Burn, baby, burn.'

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

The Token Clerk is frozen with terror. But some voice inside tells him he'd better cooperate -- and fast. He picks up a bag of money and goes to unlock his door.

43 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #2 - NIGHT 43

Grace rejoins David.

DAVID
Did he say anything?

GRACE
Yeah. He may have to kill you.

David laughs and resumes surveillance.

44 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - DAVID'S POV THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS - OPPOSITE PLATFORM / TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT 44

He focuses past John to the token booth on the opposite platform. He sees the Token Clerk open the booth door and hand out a canvas bag to a tall scarecrow in a dark overcoat.

DAVID (V.O.)
(with alarm)
It's The Torch!

45 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - OPPOSITE PLATFORM / TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT 45

The Torch accepts the money bag, then shoves the fat Clerk back into the booth, causing him to fall to the floor. Then, unable to resist, The Torch tosses the lit match in after him and kicks the door shut, trapping the Clerk inside. As The Torch walks off, the interior of the booth erupts with flame.

46 EXT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #2 - ANGLE ON DAVID - NIGHT 46

David comes charging out of the maintenance room, yelling into his radio:

DAVID
The Torch is on the southbound plat! Call EMS! We got a fire in a booth!

47 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 47

Responding to the fire, John leaps off the platform and into the trench, desperate to make his way to the other side.

Two Express trains enter the station from opposite directions. John outruns the first one, then scrambles to beat the second. It misses him by a hair. But his troubles aren't over...

Before John can reach the opposite platform, a <u>third</u> train barrels into the station, horn blaring, driving John back. As car after endless car whooshes past, John is forced to wait as the token booth becomes a bonfire.

David arrives at John's side. Over the roar of the train, they can hear the screams of the Token Clerk trapped inside the burning booth.

JOHN
(to David; trying to be heard over the train)
Get somebody up to street level! I just saw The Torch go up the stairs!

David barks commands into the radio, but the train is making too much noise.

48 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 48

Grace has acted on her own. She comes flying up the stairs, gun drawn. She runs out into traffic, dodging cars and cabs, headed for the subway exit on the other side of the street.

Grace makes it to the other side just as The Torch comes up from below and slams into her. Grace falls on the metal subway air grate, losing her gun.

Grace lies there, stunned. The Torch smiles at the opportunity. He spritzes Grace with gasoline, then whips out a kitchen match and gleefully strikes it with his thumb. He's just about to toss it on Grace when a train passes below and the sudden rush of air coming up through the subway grate blows out the match.

The Torch is about to light another match when he sees TWO PLAINCLOTHES COPS hauling ass across the street, guns out. With a hiss of frustration, The Torch takes off, disappearing into the darkness of a convenient alley.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Grace gets to her feet, woozy, dripping with gasoline. She motions to the Two Plainclothes Cops that she's all right and to go after The Torch. She knows she's lucky to be alive.

49 INT. SUBWAY STATION #3 - OPPOSITE PLATFORM - NIGHT 49

The Express train finally passes. John and David scramble up the platform and race to the token booth, which is now a blazing inferno. They throw themselves against the locked door, trying to break it down.

JOHN
Gimme your gun!

John takes David's Glock and fires the entire clip into the token booth window. It explodes and, without hesitation, John scrambles through the opening, disappearing into the smoke.

David stands back as the door bursts open and John tumbles out with the Token Clerk, whose clothes are on fire.

John and David whip off their coats and cover the burning Clerk, suffocating the flames. By some miracle, he's still alive. As others arrive on the scene, we...

CUT TO:

50 INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT 50

A Transit Cop hangout, a dark, cozy tavern packed to the rafters with off-duty cops and cop groupies. On a small stage at one end, a BLACK RHYTHM-AND-BLUES GROUP rocks the house with a hard-driving rendition of Sam and Dave's classic "Hold On, I'm Comin'."

At the pool table, John executes a series of amazing trick shots while David collects money from onlookers, who bet John couldn't do it.

DAVID
Fork it over. Fast play makes for fast pay.

John notices Grace by herself, bent over an electronic pinball game -- "Galaxy Destroyer" -- slamming away at it. The bells are going bing, bing bing. Grace is isolated, closed off in her own world, working out some private frustration. It's a feeling John understands.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

John hands his stick to another COP and walks over. As Grace finishes racking up a huge score, she shouts over the clanging bells.

GRACE
(doing a TV testimonial)
After a hard day at work, I like to relax by blowing the shit out of the universe.

JOHN
Everybody needs a hobby. How you doing? Rough first night, huh?

GRACE
You mean it's not always this lively?

They move over to the bar and find a couple of stools.

JOHN
Just so you know... I'm the one who messed up, not you. I was off my game tonight. Way off. If I'd been a little faster, I could've nailed the sonovabitch at the token booth.

Grace gives John a grateful smile.

GRACE
Thanks. I don't buy it... but thanks.

JOHN
You take this job pretty serious, don't you?

GRACE
Is there any other way?

They look at each other, making a connection.

JOHN
No. No other way.
(raising his glass)
Dedication.

GRACE
It's a curse.

They bump glasses and drink.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

JOHN
You think it'll get us into heaven?

GRACE
Not a chance.

JOHN
Then why do we do it?

GRACE
We're adrenaline junkies. We like the danger.

JOHN
The danger, huh? And all this time I thought it was the money.

Grace laughs. John extends his hand.

JOHN
(continuing)
Welcome to the team.

Grace takes John's hand and shakes it. There is an unmistakable charge between them, a chemical connection they are immediately aware of.

Fortunately, the moment is broken by David, who comes over with a fistful of cash in one hand and a pool stick in the other.

DAVID
Next round's on me.

JOHN
Like you can afford it.

DAVID
Always busting my chops, right?
(to Grace)
You got any brothers?

GRACE
Five. All cops.

DAVID
Then you know what I have to put up with.

JOHN
What you have to put up with?
Let me tell you about this guy...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3) 50

DAVID
Grace, don't believe a word he says.

GRACE
(with humor)
Hey, I don't trust either of you.

John and David look at each other and laugh.

JOHN AND DAVID
(at the same time)
Smart girl.

Grace finishes her drink. She takes the stick out of David's hand and heads for the pool table.

GRACE
(over her shoulder)
Who's feeling brave?

Before John can make his move, David shoves past him and joins Grace at the pool table.

DAVID
I'll rack. What're we playing?

David turns and winks at John, who gives him an "I'll-kill-you-later" look.

GRACE
(chalking up)
Rotation. Dollar a ball.

DAVID
You're on. But I warn you. I'm very good.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT (A FEW HOURS LATER) 51

John, David and Grace emerge, feeling no pain. A light snow has begun to fall.

GRACE
That was the most fun I've had in a long time.

JOHN
I don't doubt it. You hustled us for every cent we had.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

Grace signals a taxi. It glides over and stops.

DAVID
Hey, where are you going? The night is young.

GRACE
It's Christmas Eve. Don't you guys have a family?

John and David frown at each other.

JOHN
Naw. Just the two of us since Mom died.

DAVID
We're all we got. Pretty pathetic, huh?

GRACE
(warmly)
It's more than a lot of people have. Merry Christmas.

Grace hops into the cab. As it pulls away, the boys stand at the curb. They watch the cab grow small in the distance, then turn and walk off down the street.

John removes a bottle of champagne from inside his jacket. He puts his thumbs to the cork and it pops with a loud bang. The cork sails skyward. David runs ahead to catch it.

DAVID
(as he runs)
Kaylor goes deep! He leaps, he stretches --

David catches the cork, making a spectacular dive into a snow bank.

JOHN
He fucks up!

John laughs and helps David out of the snow. They share the bottle and walk along.

DAVID
John, can I tell you something without you getting all pissed off at me?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

JOHN
Probably not.

DAVID
You're a shitty drunk.

JOHN
What?

DAVID
You know... when you're doing Decoy. You're too rigid.

JOHN
I'm too rigid?

DAVID
You gotta let your bones go, get loose... 'cause any skeeze out there worth locking up -- they just smell 'cop' on you from the gitty up. You defeat your own purpose.

JOHN
Me? You ever seen you out there? You look brain damaged. Don't talk to me about scaring people away.

DAVID
Hey, this is constructive criticism. You just need to be looser. Like me. Go to school on this...

David goes into his decoy drunk mode, which isn't that much different from his current real-life physical condition. John stares at ~~him~~ disdainfully, waves him off.

JOHN
Naw, it's like, check it out...

John goes into his decoy mode and what we have now are two very drunk cops pretending to be drunk.

DAVID
Not bad. But can you do this...?

David lets out a spectacular belch that echoes up and down the street and climbs into the snowy night sky.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3) 51

JOHN
(laughing)
No, and I can't fart 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'

They amble down the street, but stop suddenly as A DRUNK in a Santa Claus costume comes staggering around the corner.

JOHN
(continuing)
Look, it's Santa -- and he's all fucked up.

The boys watch "Santa" as he shambles by. They move on, sharing the champagne. They are both thinking of the same thing, so it's no surprise to John when David remarks...

DAVID
(smitten)
You know, I really like that girl.

JOHN
Yeah. Me, too.

DAVID
I mean I <u>really</u> like her.

JOHN
Based on what?

DAVID
A feeling. Here.
(touches his heart)
Don't you believe in love at first sight?

JOHN
I believe in being careful.

DAVID
Not with a girl like Grace. She's special, John -- worth risking <u>everything</u>.

JOHN
What's your point?

DAVID
I hope it's not gonna be a problem that we both like her.

JOHN
She means that much to you?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4) 51

DAVID
Yeah. I'm afraid so.

JOHN
Then I'll back off. Ain't no thing.

DAVID
You'd do that for me?

JOHN
I'm your brother, aren't I?

David gives John a look of everlasting love and devotion. John smiles back and drapes his arm around David's shoulder. They continue down the street as a light, beautiful snow falls around them.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. RTO COMMAND - DAY 52

A DOZEN DISPATCHERS sit at consoles facing a huge wall map of all the NYC subway lines. Blue and red lights blink on and off, charting the progress of every train in the system.

Patterson enters shot, walking at a fast clip. He is met by John and David's C.O., Arthur Riley.

PATTERSON
Talk to me, Arthur.

RILEY
The takedown rumors are heating up. Intelligence thinks it might be an out-of-town crew.

PATTERSON
Did you bring the extra guard detail?

RILEY
Yes, sir. We're putting fresh teams on every run.

PATTERSON
I want your best people.

RILEY
They're right outside.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

PATTERSON
(determined)
No one has ever robbed the Money Train. And no one ever will.

RILEY
That doesn't mean they won't <u>try</u>.

Patterson and Riley push through a door to the corridor where three plainclothes cops turn to face them -- John, David and Grace. Patterson regards John and David like a bad smell.

PATTERSON
(to Riley)
I asked for your best.

RILEY
These <u>are</u> my best.

David can't resist grinning at Patterson. And Patterson can't resist giving the needle to John and David.

PATTERSON
I hope you realize the importance of this assignment.

GRACE
Yes, sir.

Patterson moves past them, a man with more important things to do.

DAVID
We'll do our best, sir!

PATTERSON
(over his shoulder)
Try to do better than that.

And Patterson is gone around the corner. John looks at David, who raises an eyebrow. Clearly, he can't wait to get on board the Money Train.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - TWILIGHT 53

One of those stunning high angle shots consisting of the Bridge and, beyond it, the Manhattan skyline.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

We fly toward the underside of the span where we pick up the Money Train rolling along like a juggernaut on its way to the city to make its collections.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MONEY TRAIN - SUBWAY STATION #4 - NIGHT 54

With a loud grunt, a COLLECTION AGENT adds another heavy bag to a growing pile of money bags. Behind him, THREE ARMED GUARDS board the train, carrying more bags which they have just taken from a token booth. As the doors are slammed shut and the train lurches into motion, we pan over to John, David and Grace sitting on a low bench.

David marvels at the towering sacks of money rising to the ceiling. John nudges him and whispers.

JOHN
Stop it.

DAVID
Stop what?

JOHN
You want a pad and pencil so you can take notes?

DAVID
(looking around)
No, I'll remember.

DOOLEY, the head guard, cradles his shotgun in his arms and leans up against a tall stack of bags.

The train enters a tunnel.

The train hits a bump and rocks violently, causing John, David and Grace to exchange looks of concern.

DOOLEY
Don't sweat it. If somebody's gonna brace us, it'll be out on one of the plats. Probably Fulton Street 'cause it's our last stop and we'll be plenty fat.

GRACE
How much money will we take in tonight?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

DOOLEY
With all the people hoarding tokens -- four, maybe five million.

GRACE
It's like Vegas on wheels.

JOHN
Dooley, how long you been working the Money Train?

DOOLEY
Fourteen years.

JOHN
Fourteen years with all this money. Don't you ever think about stealing it?

DOOLEY
(without expression)
Everyday.

Dooley checks his watch and goes into the adjoining second car. Merrily, David gets off the bench. He picks up a canvas bag and reads the label.

DAVID
Guess how much? Four hundred and eighty five thousand dollars. Do you realize I'm holding half-a-million bucks in my hands? Half a million. But why stop there?

David reaches down and picks up a second bag. He reads the label and holds both bags together.

DAVID
(continuing)
Now I'm a millionaire.

John and Grace look at each other, caught up in the fantasy.

GRACE
What would you do if you had a million dollars?

JOHN
If I had a million dollars... I'd wake up 'cause it would have to be a dream.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54

DAVID
What good's having a dream if you can't make it come true?

For comical effect, David tries to shove the bags inside his jacket. Grace laughs.

DAVID
(continuing)
Think anybody'll notice?

JOHN
(gently)
Come on, David. That's enough.

John and David look at each other, wondering how far they'd really go if they had the chance. David drops the bags back on the pile.

DAVID
Killjoy.
(to Grace)
He wasn't always like this. Back when we were kids, he'd dare me to do the most outrageous stuff. I'd do it and then he'd do something even crazier.

JOHN
We're not kids anymore.

The train begins to slow down. John, David and Grace find nothing unusual about this, but Dooley and the other Five Guards do. Dooley strides through the car and goes to the Motorman's cab.

DOOLEY
Lew? What the fuck?

MOTORMAN
Lost power to the rail.

DOOLEY
Get on the radio.

The train coasts to a stop. The lights flicker, fade and go out. They are now in darkness.

JOHN
This happen a lot?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3) 54

DOOLEY
Sometimes, not a lot.
(then)
Lew? You raise Command?

MOTORMAN
Negative. Fuckin' tunnels. All I get is static.

DOOLEY
All right. They'll see on the board we've stopped.

ANOTHER GUARD
Maybe somebody should get off... do a walk-around.

DOOLEY
You volunteering?

ANOTHER GUARD
Hey. Just a suggestion.

No one speaks. It's spooky.

DAVID
Isn't this where somebody says, 'Sure is quiet,' and somebody else says, 'Yeah. Too quiet.'

World War III erupts.

The train is suddenly besieged by an incredible display of automatic weapon fire -- a nonstop barrage of bullets that rock the cars, explode the "bulletproof" windows, and cause everybody inside to hit the deck. Outside, the tunnel lights up like a fireworks show on the 4th of July. The sound of gunfire is deafening.

55 INT. TUNNEL #3 - NIGHT 55.

As the attack continues, flashing shadows reveal A TEAM OF FOUR MEN positioned around the train, all wearing ear guards and wielding assault rifles, which they continue to unload on the train, blowing the hell out of it. Smoke rises in the air.

56 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 56

Bullets zing and ricochet through the cars. John and David are huddled together over Grace, trying to protect her with their bodies.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Then, as suddenly as the attack began, it ends. There is only the dying echo of gunfire and then... total silence.

JOHN
(asking around)
How we doin'?

Mumbled replies. The Guards try to help each other.

GRACE
(to John and David)
Okay, they got our attention. What's their next move?

JOHN
You got me. David?

DAVID
If I were doing this... I'd probably plant a charge and blow the door open.

GRACE
Sounds logical.

JOHN
Dooley, has this thing got emergency exits?

DOOLEY
Two traps. One in the ceiling, one in the floor.

JOHN
(to David)
Feel like some air?

DAVID
Yeah, it's a little close in here.

GRACE
What about me?

JOHN
Stay with the money.

GRACE
While you have all the fun?

JOHN
Sorry, Grace, but this is my call.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

GRACE
All right. Watch your butts.

DAVID
Ain't no thing.

John and David crawl across the floor to the center of the car where they find a hatch. John yanks it open.

57 INT. TUNNEL #3 - NIGHT 57

The Money Train sits in the dark silence. Gunsmoke drifts in the air.

58 INT. TUNNEL #3 - UNDERSIDE OF TRAIN - NIGHT 58

John and David climb out and lie on their bellies beneath the train, Glocks in hand. They stare out into the inky darkness beyond the train, straining to detect some movement or hear some sound.

Suddenly, the gunfire resumes. John and David make love to the ground. The Robbers lay down fire for Robber #1, who scrambles out of the darkness and approaches the side of the train.

SIDE OF TRAIN

Robber #1 attaches a small package of explosives to the door of the train, then scrambles back into the darkness, stringing out a detonating wire behind him.

Robber #1 joins his three buddies in a small alcove in the tunnel wall. We see them in the dim gloom, identically dressed in dark suits, all wearing night-vision goggles.

Robber #2 holds the small detonator box. He puts his gloved finger on the toggle switch.

JOHN

He slides out from under the train, severs the wire with a pocket knife, and slides back under.

ALCOVE

We hear angry voices when the charge doesn't go off. Robber #1 runs back to the train to see what's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

TRAIN

Robber #1 approaches the door. He bends down to check the fuse. John's hand reaches up from below, grabs Robber #1 by the collar, and slams his face into the armored door. The crook crumples to the ground, stunned senseless.

When Robber #1 does not return, his three buddies start getting nervous. They venture out of their hiding place and cautiously approach the train, weapons ready.

TRAIN

Still lying on their stomachs and using the body of Robber #1 for a shield, John and David take aim at the three figures and open fire, blasting away like crazy.

The tunnel lights up with gunfire.

One of the Robbers goes down without ever firing a shot. The other two manage to get off a few rounds that tear up the gravel in front of John and David, but that's all, folks. John and David cut them down in a hail of Glockfire.

John and David reload, then crawl out from under the train. They approach the three bodies, pumped with adrenaline.

DAVID
Jesus. My heart's beating like a trip-hammer.

JOHN
Just be cool. Check 'em out.

That's when AN UNKNOWN FIFTH ROBBER comes out of the darkness behind John and presses the barrel of his assault rifle to John's head. John freezes.

ROBBER #5
(calling to David)
Hey, asshole.

DAVID
Who you callin' --

David turns and sees John's situation. Instinctively, he raises his gun and takes aim. But in the dark and at this range, he's more likely to hit John than the Robber.

ROBBER #5
(to David)
Drop it or he's dead.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2) 58

JOHN
(very calm)
David, listen up.

ROBBER #5
Yeah, David -- listen up.

JOHN
You listening?
(a beat)
Shoot the motherfucker!

ROBBER #5
What?

JOHN
Blow his fucking head off!

But David knows he can't pull this off.

DAVID
(in hell)
John... I...

ROBBER #5
(to John)
Fuck this! You're dead!

A shot rings out and Robber #5 crumples to the ground with half his head missing.

John can't believe it. He looks down at the dead man, then up at David.

David is goggle-eyed, staring at his own gun like, "Did I do that?" Then, realizing he couldn't have, he and John look to the train where Grace is crouched on the roof beside the open hatch. She is in a shooter's stance, gun still smoking. Grace smiles and her teeth flash in the dark.

GRACE
I got bored inside.

John and David look at each other, greatly impressed.

CUT TO:

59 INT. TUNNEL #3 - NIGHT (ONE HOUR LATER) 59

A scene of intense forensic activity. The tunnel is crawling with INVESTIGATORS and TRANSIT POLICE.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

Construction spotlights have been set up around the Money Train, throwing odd shadows on the walls. Under their intense glare, the tunnel takes on a bizarre, otherworldly quality.

Patterson steps off the Money Train, looking irritable. He walks around chalk outlines of the dead Robbers and approaches Riley, who is conferring with John, David and Grace.

PATTERSON
Lieutenant, this is damned inconvenient. If you're through, I'd like to get this train back in the system.

RILEY
Yes, sir, I'm trying. But this is a crime scene and technically, the train is evidence.

PATTERSON
You didn't hear me, Arthur. I want the train back in the system. I've got 10 stations waiting for pick-up, holding anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000 apiece.

David can't resist.

DAVID
(to Patterson)
What's your problem? We saved your Money Train, didn't we?

Patterson turns his penetrating gaze on David. Riley hides a smile.

RILEY
He's right. I think you owe these officers some thanks.

The very idea causes Patterson to look stricken. John, David and Grace regard him like, "We're waiting."

PATTERSON
(mumbling)
Naturally, I appreciate their efforts...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2) 59

JOHN
(bright; with phony sincerity)
Thank you, sir. Coming from you, that means a lot.

Patterson looks at John as if contemplating what a lovely ashtray the top half of his skull would make. He turns and walks away.

PATTERSON
Just get my train back in the system.

DAVID
(calling after him)
Sir! Any time you need us! Always glad to help!

David, of course, can't see the look on Patterson's face. Murderous.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT 60

The joint is jumping. We see Grace at the crowded bar, holding court with a GROUP OF FELLOW COPS.

Away from the action, at a booth in the back, John and David are hunched over the table, well into their drinks.

DAVID
You know what I learned today?

JOHN
Hitler's alive and running the MTA?

DAVID
No...

With a sly grin, David holds up the Money Train model and puts it on the table between the empty beer bottles.

DAVID
(continuing)
Those robbers had the right idea.

JOHN
You know, it's a good thing you're a cop because you got the mentality of a crook.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

DAVID
I know how they were gonna haul the money out.

David uses the Money Train and various items on the table to demonstrate as he talks.

DAVID
(continuing)
This is the A line.. They stopped the train here, under Central Park near Columbus Circle. There's an old emergency evacuation ladder here that leads to an escape hatch. John, they were gonna schlep the money up the ladder and disappear into the Park. So I'm thinking if somebody were to take control of the train here, say around 135th Street, bring it down the line...

JOHN
Whoa.. Time.. What're you talking about?

DAVID
You know what I'm talking about. I'm talking about a way to get that fifteen grand... plus a little spare change.

David grins. He holds up the Money Train model and waggles it.

JOHN
David, you're my brother. I love you. But unless you want to piss me off, you'll drop this shit once and for all.

DAVID
It's only conjecture.

John gets up.

JOHN
I gotta get some air. You got a way of sucking all the oxygen out of a room.
(pointing to the model)
And put that thing away before somebody thinks you got it for Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

John walks off.

DAVID
(calling after him)
Okay! I'll do it alone!

John waves him off, "Yeah, sure." David holds the Money Train model in his hands, dreaming a big dream.

61 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 61

John steps outside to enjoy the cold, crisp air. After a moment, Grace appears beside him.

GRACE
Whew, it's like an inferno in there.

JOHN
(a beat)
Listen. Thanks.

GRACE
For...

JOHN
Saving my life today.

GRACE
You would've done the same.

JOHN
I doubt it. I'm not that good a shot.

GRACE
Neither am I. I guess we were both pretty lucky.

JOHN
I guess so.

They can feel the charge between them.

JOHN
(continuing)
We'd better get back inside before they start making up stories about us.

GRACE
Yeah, we wouldn't want that.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

John and Grace turn at the same time, meeting in the narrow door frame. Their bodies press close. Their faces are only inches apart. They kiss. It only lasts for an instant. They draw back, looking at each other in surprise.

GRACE
(continuing)
John...

JOHN
I guess we're both a little high.

GRACE
We are?

JOHN
I hope so 'cause if we're not, we can't be doing this.

GRACE
Because we work together? We're cops?

JOHN
That's one.

GRACE
What's two?

JOHN
David. He's crazy about you.

John moves past Grace and reenters the bar. Grace stands there a moment, her heart beating wildly. She grimaces, wishing she'd never made the move.

62 INT. BAR - NIGHT 62

John moves through the noisy crowd and rejoins David, who is now at the bar.

JOHN
Tired, bro. Gotta go.

DAVID
What for? We're just getting started.

JOHN
Naw, I'm a lightweight tonight. You take the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

DAVID
Something wrong?

JOHN
Naw, man. Just tired. Later.

DAVID
Where did Grace go?

JOHN
She's outside. Listen. About Grace and that deal we made...

David suddenly breaks into a wide grin.

DAVID
Oh, man. I knew it. I can see by your face.

JOHN
See what?

DAVID
You couldn't resist. You made your move and she shot you down.

The irony of this is so great, John has to smile.

JOHN
No comment. I'm outta here.

John moves on, pushing his way through the partying throng.

At the door, John hesitates and looks back into the room. He sees David approaching Grace. David speaks to her, indicating the dance floor. Grace nods, looking past David and locking eyes for a moment with John. Then Grace turns back to David and joins him on the crowded dance floor.

David and Grace squeeze in with the other dancers. Grace is a good dancer. David matches her move for move, and in a few moments they're the stars of the dance floor.

John watches, then turns and exits.

CUT TO:

63 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 63

John is jolted awake by David, whooping like a madman and jumping up and down on the bed like it was a trampoline.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

JOHN
(grumpy)
Stop that. What're you doing here? Don't you have a home or a cardboard box or something?

David flops down on the other side of the bed.

DAVID
I came over to gloat.

JOHN
About what?

DAVID
Grace.

John tenses up, but tries to sound casual.

JOHN
What about her?

DAVID
We danced all night and then we went to Sloppy Louie's for breakfast.
(a fond laugh)
You should see her eat. Like a truck driver.

JOHN
Did you make any of your world-famous cheap moves?

Exhausted, David flops down on the bed. He and John lie at opposite ends.

DAVID
No, John. No cheap moves. I really respect her. She's different. I'd almost be willing to change my life for her.

JOHN
That's good, Dave.

DAVID
There's just one thing. One little problem.

JOHN
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

DAVID
John?

JOHN
Yeah?

DAVID
How am I gonna pay that fifteen grand?

JOHN
We'll think of something.

DAVID
Thanks.

JOHN
You sound tired. Why don't you see if you can catch some z's...

John sits up. He looks down at the end of the bed and sees that David is already asleep, snoring peacefully with a smile on his face. Typical. John swings out of bed, looks down at David. John pulls the covers up around David and goes into the next room.

CUT TO:

64 INT. POLICE GYM - EARLY MORNING 64

John pounds the heavy bag, trying to take out all his frustration. He's the only one in the gym at this early hour., That is, until Grace walks in, wearing exercise clothes.

JOHN
Shouldn't you be home in bed?

GRACE
Too much energy. I thought I'd come here and try to burn it off. You want to go at it?

JOHN
What? You mean box?

GRACE
Yeah. Let's go a few rounds. And don't hold back.

John laughs, impressed by her spunk.

CUT TO:

65 FIVE MINUTES LATER (EARLY MORNING) 65

Flying fists. John and Grace box each other around the ring. No heavy blows are thrown, but it's still an interesting contest with a lot of fast moves, fake outs, jabs and fancy footwork. Grace is no slouch. She's holding her own against John. As they spar...

GRACE
You want to talk about last night?

JOHN
What about it?

GRACE
You're a strange guy, you know that?

JOHN
What's this? You trying to psyche me out?

GRACE
I mean you're strange because you care more about your brother than you do about yourself.

JOHN
Hey. I'm no saint. Most of the time I want to kill the guy.

GRACE
Yeah, I heard he's kind of a fuck-up.

Which makes John hit Grace a little too hard. She stumbles back and falls down.

JOHN
I'm sorry. It's just...

GRACE
No, I was out of line.

John helps Grace to her feet.

JOHN
It's okay when I call him a fuck-up. But when other people say it...

GRACE
I understand. What I <u>don't</u> understand is what's going on with <u>us</u>?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

JOHN
Well, I just decked you... so it must be love.

To John's surprise, Grace pops him one in the mouth.

GRACE
(half smile)
I feel the same about you.

John rubs his jaw, can't help but grin.

JOHN
This could get painful.

GRACE
Love hurts.

The gym door bangs open and THREE OFF-DUTY COPS come in for their morning workout. John and Grace step apart. The cops see them in the ring.

COP
Hey, Grace! Knock him out!

JOHN
(quietly, to Grace)
She already did.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. SUBWAY STATION #5 / ELEVATED - OPEN AIR PLATFORM - DAY 66

The decoy is Grace. She is trying to steady herself against the rail, head and hair hanging down, bleary -- looking like a secretary who stopped off at a bar and had too many Zombies. As an enticement for purse snatchers, she dangles a bag from her wrist.

67 INT. VAN - DAY 67

Parked across the street. John and David occupy the front seat, watching Grace through binoculars. David is the "spotter." John is in his own private hell, wondering how he's going to eventually tell David the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

DAVID
Look at that stagger... those subtle convulsions... like she's right on the verge of puking her guts out.
(deep sigh; with humor)
God, she's beautiful.

JOHN
Keep your mind on the job.

DAVID
My mind <u>is</u> on the job.

JOHN
No, it's not. You're acting like some kind of lovesick puppy dog.

DAVID
You know what your problem is? You got no romance in your soul.

Before John can think of a comeback:

DAVID
(continuing; into the radio)
All quiet by the D. All clear, all quiet by the Decoy.
(then, back to John)
You see, I got romance in my soul.

JOHN
David...

DAVID
(from the heart)
Grace inspires me, John. Okay, maybe I'm being an idiot, but she makes me want to be a better person... to straighten out my fucked-up life.

JOHN
We gotta talk. Grace and --

David hushes him, watching the decoy action.

DAVID
Hang on. We got something.
(into the radio)
Stand by, stand by.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2) 67

DAVID (CONT'D)
We got a white male walking past the D... now he's coming back. White male in a green-and-black ski jacket, gray baggies, black BK's. Get ready...

The perp snatches Grace's purse.

JOHN
Call it!

They burst out of the van.

DAVID
(into the radio)
Surf's up!

68 EXT. SUBWAY STATION #5 / ELEVATED - OPEN AIR PLATFORM - DAY 68

Purse in hand, the White Male makes a run for it. Plainclothes Cops come running from different directions, yelling, "Police! Freeze!"

The White Male bolts down the stairs, but John and David are flying up to intercept him. He hurls the handbag over the rail and follows it -- landing in a large, open dumpster.

DAVID
I got him!

David leaps over the rail and lands on top of the White Male. They struggle, sinking out of sight in a roiling sea of garbage.

Grace comes down the stairs and joins John. They watch over the rail as David comes to the surface with the perp by the scruff of his neck, grinning with triumph, covered with crap.

John and Grace smile at David's antics, then look at each other. Their smiles fade as they try to remain cool and professional, definitely not two co-workers on the verge of an affair.

JOHN
Go ahead. You made the play, you make the collar.

Grace goes down the stairs to help David make the arrest.

CUT TO:

69 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY 69

The Decoy Team finishes booking the perp, taking care of the paperwork, etc. As POLICEMEN take the perp away, David joins John at the exit. John looks troubled.

DAVID
(cheerful)
What happened? You look like your lost your best friend.

JOHN
I hope not.
(reaching into his pocket)
I got something for you.

John hands David an envelope.

DAVID
What's this? A late Christmas present?

David thumbs the envelope open. It's filled with cash.

JOHN
It's fifteen grand.

DAVID
Where'd you get fifteen grand?

JOHN
I've been saving it for a rainy day.

DAVID
(touched)
John, I can't take this.

David tries to give the envelope back. John refuses, tucks it into David's pocket.

JOHN
Get clear with those guys. Do it tonight.

David regards John with true feeling.

DAVID
You're always there to save my ass.

JOHN
You'd do the same for me.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

DAVID
No, I wouldn't. 'Cause you'd never get yourself in a mess like this.
(sincere)
I'm gonna pay you back. I mean it.

JOHN
I know you do.

They share a clumsy hug.

JOHN
(continuing)
Listen, let's get together tomorrow. There's something I gotta talk to you about.

DAVID
You got it.
(heading for the exit)
Tell Grace I won't be able to join you guys for After-Hours fun.
(with a big grin)
I've got a feeling it's gonna be a great New Year.

John manages to work up a smile. David exits, on top of the world.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. BROADWAY, MIDTOWN - NIGHT 70

David hustles down the street on his way to pay off his debt. As he passes an OTB, the door opens and a tremendous cheer rolls out. David stops and looks through the window where GAMBLERS are reacting to a televised horse race. Temptation raises her seductive head. But David is a man of steel. He walks on, proud of himself. He goes to a pay phone, feeds in some change, and dials a number.

DAVID
(into the phone)
It's David Kaylor. Tell Mr. Brown I got the money. Yeah. On my way.

CUT TO:

71 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 71

A knock on the door. John comes out of the bedroom, shirtless. He goes to the door and opens it, revealing Grace standing in the half light of the hall. She seems unsure, embarrassed to be here.

JOHN
Grace...

John lowers his head, touches his forehead to hers.

GRACE
Are we making a mistake?

JOHN
Only one way to find out.

John reaches out and brings Grace into the room. He takes her in his arms and kisses her deeply. With his foot, he knocks the door shut.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MOVING PASSENGER CAR - SUBWAY STATION #6 - NIGHT 72

The hypnotic rhythm of the rails. Clackety clack. Clackety clack. David hangs from a strap, the envelope John gave him is securely tucked in his breast pocket.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN enters behind David from the next car, unsteady on her feet due to the pitching and rocking of the train. She bumps against David and mutters an apology. David helps her along. She continues into the next car.

David's attention is drawn to the other end of the car where a BUSINESSMAN hangs from a strap, absorbed in his Wall Street Journal.

A YOUNG MAN is seated behind the Businessman. He nods to his partner in crime, AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, on the other side of the car. The Businessman is between them. Right where they want him.

David watches with interest. As the train pulls into the station, the Young Man and Young Woman get up at the same time. The train gives a lurch as it comes to a stop and the Young Woman falls against the Businessman while the Young Man bumps him ever so slightly from behind.

YOUNG MAN
(flashing a smile at the Businessman)
I'm sorry, excuse me...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

The Businessman smiles back like, "Quite all right." But as the Young Woman turns to exit the car, she is alarmed to see that David has grabbed her partner and is handcuffing him to a pole. David turns to the girl, holding out his badge.

DAVID
Transit Police.

The girl darts out onto the platform, disappears into the crowd.

DAVID
(continuing; amused, shouting after her)
Yeah, right! Like your boyfriend won't give you up in a heartbeat!

The doors close and the train moves on. David shrugs, no big deal. He's got the guy he wants. David rifles the Young Man's pockets and comes up with the stolen wallet. The Businessman comes forward, greatly agitated.

BUSINESSMAN
That's my wallet!

David gives it to him and throws a look at the pickpocket, who glares at him like a rat in a trap.

DAVID
Word of advice. They generally work in pairs. One to bump you while the other picks your pocket. So get smart. Best place to keep your money is here...

David pats his breast pocket and his heart stops. John's envelope is gone!

DAVID
(continuing; realizing)
Shit! The old lady...

David takes off, charging into the next car.

73 MOVING SUBWAY TRAIN - CAR AFTER CAR - NIGHT 73

David desperately searches for the Elderly Woman, upsetting passengers, but she's nowhere to be found.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

He finally reaches the lead car... the end of all hope. David sags against the window of the forward door as the train hurtles into darkness.

CUT TO:

74 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 74

On the bed and on the floor, John and Grace make love with building intensity. For them, the rest of the world does not exist.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT / BROWN'S - NIGHT 75

We see huge sides of beef being unloaded off trucks, steam rising in the cold night air. David appears, walking down the cobblestone street. He puts on his best no-problem grin and crosses to a small restaurant, "Brown's."

TWO OF MR. BROWN'S ENFORCERS are standing outside the entrance, large men, smoking cigarettes and shooting the shit. They break into big, happy smiles as David joins them. But as David talks, explaining why he hasn't got the money, their smiles fade to scowls.

One of the Enforcers tosses his cigarette in the street and slugs David in the gut.

CUT TO:

76 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 76

John and Grace build to a shattering climax.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT / BROWN'S - NIGHT 77

Outside the restaurant, in full view of WORKERS unloading beef carcasses, the Two Enforcers work David over, slamming away at him with their fists and kicking him with their feet. David doesn't resist. He doesn't cover. He takes his punishment like a man.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 78

John and Grace lie together, naked under the sheets, their bodies perfectly intertwined, sleeping peacefully. Weak winter sunlight peeks through the window.

79 EXT. JOHN'S STREET - EARLY MORNING 79

Snow is falling as David comes down the sidewalk. He probes his mouth for loose teeth. Before entering John's building, he scoops up a handful of snow and uses it to wash the dried blood off his face.

80 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 80

David lets himself in, closes the door. He takes a step into the living room and stops. He sees Grace's jacket, her gun and holster draped over a chair. The beating was nothing compared to this.

David picks up Grace's jacket and holds it as John appears over his shoulder. He wears boxer shorts and a pained expression.

JOHN
David...

DAVID
(hollow, defeated tone)
Guess I shoulda knocked.

David turns and heads for the door. John is alarmed to see David's bruised face.

JOHN
What happened to you?

DAVID
I helped a uniform wrestle a crackhead. Somebody caught me with an elbow.

David sweeps past John and out the door.

JOHN
David, hang on....

81 EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING 81

David emerges from the building. John, still in his boxers, follows David out and catches him by the arm. They face each other on the snowy street, their breaths crystallizing in the cold air.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

JOHN
At least let me talk to you... try to explain...

David puts on a big, amiable grin.

DAVID
John. Come on. You think you two were fooling me? I knew what was going on all the time. I only said that stuff about falling for Grace 'cause it was fun to watch you squirm. Ain't no thing.

JOHN
You're lying.

DAVID
If I'm lying, I'm flying. I'm happy for you. Why wouldn't I be? We're brothers, man.
(his heart breaking)
Brothers.

JOHN
David...

DAVID
Now get inside before I have to pop you for flashing.

David turns and hurries off. John just stands there looking after him, freezing in his underwear.

CUT TO:

82 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - DAY 82

The tenth busiest of New York's 469 stations. Tourists from all over the world come to see Radio City Music Hall, Rockefeller Center and the stores on Fifth Avenue. At this hour, the commuters' volume is low.

83 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - SOUTHBOUND PLATFORM - DAY 83

Under the supervision of COLLECTION AGENTS, A TOKEN CLERK emerges from his blue-and-white fiberglass token booth and is replaced by Grace disguised in an MTA uniform.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

In position, Grace signals to John from inside the token booth. He signals back. John crosses to a small wooden maintenance room. Before entering, he gives signals to PLAINCLOTHES COPS out on the platform and deployed throughout the station.

84 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - UPPER MEZZANINE - DAY 84

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

that someone has been watching all this from the upper mezzanine -- that mild-mannered pyro, The Torch. The Torch smiles knowingly, recognizing Grace as "the one that got away."

85 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - 15 MINUTES LATER - DAY 85

Grace exchanges tokens for cash. In a niche beneath the counter is Grace's gun and a photostat police sketch of two male robbery suspects. During a lull, she speaks into a small hand-held radio.

GRACE
This is why I became a cop.

86 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #3 - DAY 86

John is the "spotter," watching Grace through binoculars and quietly speaking into his hand-held radio.

JOHN
Right. The glamour and excitement.
(a beat)
Riley says these gunpoint robbers only hit booths with female clerks. So... act female.

GRACE (V.O.)
What? Like put on eyeliner? Iron some clothes?

The door to the room cracks open and David slips inside, quickly closing the door. John can barely see him in the darkness.

JOHN
Skipper said you were running late. You okay?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

DAVID
Livin' a dream.

JOHN
(realizes)
Fuck. You're loaded.

DAVID
I'm fine.

JOHN
Fine? Your breath has gotta be 90 proof. David, get out of here and go home.

DAVID
A couple of drinks. Ain't no thing.

JOHN
What's the matter with you?

David lowers his head, guiltily.

DAVID
John... I lost the money.

John has been through a lot with David. But this -- losing the $15,000 -- is almost more than he can take.

JOHN
You what?

DAVID
Well, I didn't exactly lose it. I was on the subway and this old lady dipped me --

JOHN
(cutting him off)
You gambled it, didn't you?

DAVID
No, I got robbed on the subway.

JOHN
Don't fuckin' lie to me.

DAVID
John, I'm not lying.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2) 86

JOHN
Bullshit. All you do is lie.
(before David can reply)
Don't. Don't say another word 'cause if you do, I'm gonna kill you.

John gives David a murderous look.

87 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - NORTHBOUND PLATFORM - DAY 87

The Torch stands in the crowd waiting for the next train. He gazes across the tracks to the other platform and, beyond the turnstiles, the token booth occupied by Grace.

The Torch turns to the job at hand. He looks for an appropriate victim and steps up behind A MIDDLE-AGED STOCKBROKER. A train is coming now, getting louder.

The Torch raises his hand. It hovers an inch from the Stockbroker's shoulder.

The train comes roaring out of the tunnel, brakes screeching. At the last possible moment, The Torch gives the Stockbroker a gentle push. That's all it takes. The Stockbroker falls in front of the arriving train and is ground beneath the wheels to the screams and horror of the other commuters.

Pandemonium breaks out.

88 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - DAY 88

Grace reacts to the disturbance. She picks up her radio.

GRACE
What's up?

JOHN (V.O.)
Looks like an accident. Darryl, can you see what happened?

DARRYL (V.O.)
Yeah. Somebody fell in front of the train on the northbound plat. Pushed or shoved -- I don't know. You want me to check it out?

89 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #3 - DAY 89

JOHN
Yo. Everybody listen up. We're suspending surveillance. Chris, call EMS. The rest of us will meet on the northbound plat to see if we can help. Grace, hold your position.

GRACE (V.O.)
Roger. Holding.

John hands David the radio and binoculars.

JOHN
Keep an eye on Grace. I'll be right back.

DAVID
Don't gimme that look. I can handle it. Go, go.

John exits. David feels lower than low.

90 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - PASSENGER TUNNEL - DAY 90

John and the other Plainclothes officers run to investigate. Unnoticed, passing them calmly from the other direction, is The Torch.

91 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - NORTHBOUND PLATFORM - DAY 91

John and the cops through the gathering rubberneckers, working their way to the scene. A CONDUCTOR and STATION COPS are already down in the trench, examining the body under the wheels.

92 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #3 - DAY 92

David continues the surveillance.

93 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - NORTH AND SOUTH PLATFORMS - DAVID'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - DAY 93

Holding on Grace in the token booth. Then, out of curiosity, David pans away from Grace and focuses on the grisly situation on the opposite platform.

94 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - DAY 94

While everyone's attention is on the tragedy, The Torch walks over to...

THE TOKEN BOOTH

The Torch shoves his hose through the change slot and splatters in the gasoline. As her lap is soaked, Grace looks up in surprise and horror. But before she can go for her gun, The Torch strikes a kitchen match and holds it over the slot.

THE TORCH
Don't.
(then, a sexy whisper)
Remember me?

GRACE
No...

THE TORCH
(softly)
Sure you do.
(re: the gas)
That's my scent you're wearing.

Grace is taut. She can't understand why no one's coming to her rescue.

GRACE
What do you want? The money?

THE TORCH
No, baby. I don't want the money.

Grace feels her blood run cold.

95 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #3 - DAY 95

David is still focused on the accident. Casually, he pans back to the token booth.

96 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - DAVID'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - DAY 96

What he sees doesn't register. It doesn't make sense. Grace. The Torch. The dripping gas. The burning match.

97 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM #3 - DAY 97

David bursts out the door, drawing his gun, shouting into the radio.

DAVID
Surf's up! Surf's up!

98 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - NORTHBOUND PLATFORM - DAY 98

Trapped in a sea of faces, John and the others react to David's alarm. John pushes through the crowd.

99 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - DAY 99

The Torch is about to drop the match. We see David over his shoulder, running for all he's worth, raising his gun and shouting:

DAVID
Freeze!

The Torch turns in response, the match still sizzling between his fingertips.

GRACE

She sees her opportunity and goes for the gun under the counter. The Torch turns back, a murderous snarl on his lips. He's about to drop the match in the slot when he sees the gun come up in Grace's hand.

The Torch ducks. Grace fires point blank into the glass. As the bullet hits, the window spider-webs into a pattern of spectacular beauty -- then explodes outward.

THE TORCH

In a rain of glass fragments, he dives out of the way as David opens fire, his shots exploding the concrete around him.

The Torch scrambles to his feet and runs for the;

100 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - MEZZANINE STAIRS - DAY 100

... mezzanine stairs to Rockefeller Center, his hose whipping obscenely around his waist and splattering gas in all directions. COMMUTERS try to get out of the way. Some get sprayed with flying gas.

David gives chase. He fires another shot, missing The Torch and exploding white tile wall. Commuters scream and duck as David runs past, a little frenzied and out of control, taking the stairs two at a time.

101 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER SUBWAY STATION #7 - TOKEN BOOTH - DAY 101

John arrives at the token booth. Grace gestures from behind the shattered glass.

GRACE
(re: The Torch)
Get that sonofabitch.

102 INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - SOUTH CORRIDOR SHOPS - DAY 102

We see the fleeing Torch reflected in the display windows and black marble walls as he races up the ramp to the main floor of the GE Building. We see David not far behind and John not far behind David. SHOPPERS scramble to get out of their way.

103 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - DAY 103

It's like a postcard:

SKATERS circle the rink. Beneath the big Christmas tree, TOURISTS crowd the upper level, watching the skaters, experiencing the wonderment and beauty that is Christmas in New York. A P.A. system blasts a cheerful holiday tune, "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow..."

104 EXT. GE BUILDING - DAY 104

John and David burst out the doors under the facade of Wisdom. They look around in desperation. The Torch is nowhere to be seen, camouflaged in the moving mass of humanity that flows under the towering Christmas tree. John and David exchange quick looks and a silent signal. "Split up." John goes south, David goes north.

105 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - DAY 105

John moves along the 49th Street side of the rink, eyes alert, searching the faces of people he passes, looking high and low for the elusive Torch. Suddenly -- screams and gunshots from the other side of the rink. John turns.

106 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - JOHN'S POV - DAY 106

David is firing wildly at the outdoor elevator that carries customers to the American Festival Cafe on the lower rink level. The elevator's single passenger -- The Torch -- sinks out of sight as the elevator descends, even though its glass sides are being destroyed by David's gunshots.

Holiday enjoyment comes to an end. Tourists scream and run for their lives.

107 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - DAY 107

David races to the elevator, knocking terrified tourists out of his way. He runs to the low retaining wall that overlooks the rink, determined to jump to the level below. But he never makes it. Before he can jump, SECURITY GUARDS seize and restrain him. The damage, however, is done. Rockefeller Plaza has turned into a nightmare and David is its single cause.

108 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - BACK TO JOHN - DAY 108

He can't worry about David now. All he can do is fight his way through stampeding pedestrians, trying to make his way to stairs that lead down to the sunken rink. He is certain The Torch will emerge from the cafe.

109 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - THE RINK - DAY 109

Out on the ice, Skaters tumble and fall. No one is sure what's going on, they just know they have to find safety. The P.A. continues to play, "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow..."

Trying to hide in a group of DINERS evacuating the cafe, The Torch scurries across the ice on foot, headed for Prometheus and the giant Christmas tree.

110 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - THE RINK - DAY 110

From the top of the stairs, John spots him. He raises his gun, shouting at the top of his lungs:

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

JOHN
Get down!

Remaining Skaters part like the Red Sea, exposing The Torch slipping and sliding, trying to reach Prometheus and possible escape.

John has a clear shot. But before he can fire, A SECURITY GUARD tackles him from behind. John and the Guard roll down the stairs and out onto the ice.

John throws off the Security Guard and gets to his feet in time to see The Torch actually climb Prometheus to street level and escape behind the Christmas tree. John goes right after him.

111 EXT. 50TH STREET - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 111

The Torch runs between the GE building and Radio City Music Hall, turning the corner at 6th Avenue and disappearing.

112 EXT. 6TH AVENUE - DAY 112

John makes it to 6th Avenue. No sign of The Torch. But on the sidewalk, John sees drops of shiny gasoline -- a trail that leads to a subway entrance.

113 INT. 6TH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION #8 - PLATFORM - DAY 113

The Torch stands on an abandoned platform, his back pressed against a girder, trying to catch his breath. He hears the clack of footsteps, turns and sees John coming his way, following the gasoline trail.

The Torch leaps off the platform, lands in the trench, and runs into a tunnel. John does the same.

114 INT. TUNNEL #4 - DAY 114

John runs through the darkness, gun ready. He can hear The Torch somewhere up ahead, footsteps echoing back. The tunnel comes to a division, breaking off into <u>two</u> tunnels.

John stops.

Which way did The Torch go? John listens. No footsteps. No noise. John's nostrils flare. He can smell gas. It leads into the left tunnel. Cautiously, John enters, swallowed up in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

Then -- wham! -- John is struck from behind with a rotting plank in the hands of The Torch. John loses his gun and falls to this knees. The gun skitters into the darkness.

With a giggle, The Torch drops the rotted plank and runs to retrieve John's fallen gun, unaware that his hose is leaking a trail of gas behind him.

Stunned, still on his knees, John sees the trail of gas droplets and follows it with his eyes to where The Torch is standing, grinning like a raccoon, pointing John's own gun at him.

THE TORCH
How's it gonna feel to get killed with your own gun? Huh, fucker? What have you got to say?

Unseen by The Torch, John reaches into his coat pocket and comes out with a Zippo lighter.

JOHN
Goodbye, Torch.

John ignites the lighter and drops it on the trail of gas droplets. Foom! A line of flame runs to The Torch and right up his leg, setting him on fire.

Whoosh! The Torch lets out a scream of surprise as his gas-soaked coat blazes up. He squeals and spins around as flames erupt all over him. The Torch slaps at his body, trying to put himself out. He turns on John and charges, coming out of the darkness like an escapee from hell.

The Torch leaps on top of John, tackling him to the hard ground. He slams away at John with fiery fists. John punches back. Struggling together, they roll out onto the tracks.

A train sounds in the distance -- coming their way.

The headlights of the train flash, spotlighting the two fighting men. And here it comes like an engine of destruction.

John sees the train, kicks loose, and rolls off the tracks.

The Torch, still on fire, is able to stagger to his feet -- just as the rushing train smacks into him, smashing him like a bug on a windshield.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - DAY (15 MINUTES LATER) 115

It looks like the aftermath of World War III with NYPD and Transit Police all over the place. It's a real nightmare sideshow.

John emerges from the GE building, his clothes dirty and charred. He is in the company of EMS, Transit Police, and Rockefeller Center Security. Grace comes to meet him. They are about to embrace, but remember in time and stop themselves.

GRACE
What happened to The Torch?

JOHN
(with grim satisfaction)
I put him out.

John notices the bandage on Grace's shoulder. There are cuts on her face. Before John can ask...

GRACE
Caught a little glass, that's all.

JOHN
Where's David?

Grace points to David in the shadow of the Christmas tree, engaged in a shouting match with Patterson.

PATTERSON
Shooting up Rockefeller Center! Endangering innocent lives! You're not a cop, you're a menace!

DAVID
(defiant)
Spit it out, Donald! What is it you're trying to say?

PATTERSON
I'm saying you're suspended! I want your badge!

DAVID
Why? So you can stick it up your ass?

Patterson looks poleaxed. No one has ever spoken to him like this. John arrives and gets between them.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

JOHN
Whoa, wait a minute...

PATTERSON
(glaring at John; fresh meat)
You want to join him? Just say the word. Because I'd hate to break up a matching pair.

JOHN
Whatever he said, he didn't mean it.

PATTERSON
Oh, he meant it and I'm gonna see that he pays for it.

JOHN
Don't be an asshole...

Patterson looks like he's been hit in the face with a bag of shit. He looks at John, uncomprehending. John has surprised even himself.

PATTERSON
What did you say? Did you just call me an asshole?

John considers.

PATTERSON
(continuing)
I want an answer, Officer. Did you or did you not just call me an asshole?

JOHN
(a beat; then full blast)
Yeah. I called you an asshole. Because that's what you are. And if you try to take our badges, you'll be proving it. It may have slipped your tiny mind, but we just nailed The Torch. You think you're gonna suspend us? I don't think so.

Patterson puts his face close to John's. He speaks in a low hiss so only John and David can hear him, no one else.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2) 115

PATTERSON
I've had it with your attitude and disrespect. You're both suspended. How do you like that?

JOHN
It won't hold up.

PATTERSON
It'll hold up -- even if I have to make it my personal crusade.

Patterson turns and strides off. John stands there, wondering what he's done. And for what? Because, as usual, he came to David's rescue.

DAVID
Fuck him.

JOHN
No, David. Fuck you.

DAVID
(caught off-guard)
What?

John is already walking away. David chases after him.

DAVID
(continuing)
John, I know you're pissed at me. Hell, I'm pissed at me.
(hopeful; the old bravado)
But it's gonna work out, right?

John keeps walking. His voice is hard as nails when he says:

JOHN
No. This time it's not gonna work out.

David feels the cold stab of rejection. He grabs John, spins him around.

DAVID
Don't turn your back on me. We're brothers.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (3) 115

JOHN
(with contempt)
We're not brothers. We never were. Look at us. Brothers?
(pushing David away)
I'm sick of your fuck-ups. Get out of my life!

John walks off. David just stands there like a lost child, staring after John in disbelief. He feels his heart breaking.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT 116

It's quarter 'til three, there's no one in the place except David, who sits at the bar, hunched over 10 empty shot glasses, and FRANK the bartender, a kindly Irish ex-cop who is putting up decorations for a New Year's Eve party.

FRANK
Art Riley was in earlier. He said you and John are departmental heroes.

DAVID
(gloomy)
Right. Heroes.

FRANK
Art says you'll be back on the force by the end of the week with an apology from Patterson.

DAVID
Never happen. Hit me again, Frank.

FRANK
Sorry, Davey. Your water's cut off. You want the couch upstairs or should I call a cab?

David decides to call it a night. He climbs off his stool.

DAVID
I'll find one outside. Why is it when you want to get drunk, you never can?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

FRANK
Maybe what's ailing you can't be cured with scotch.

DAVID
Get some new material or I'm finding another bar.

FRANK
Promises, promises.

David buttons up his coat and heads out the door, letting in a blast of Arctic air.

117 EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT 117

David stands on the sidewalk, a little bleary. A Lincoln Towncar pulls up to the curb. David doesn't bother to run. He holds his ground as the two Enforcers who roughed him up before get out of the front seat. One of them opens the rear passenger door and Mr. Brown gets out. The Enforcers lead the way to David.

Mr. Brown comes closer, a benign smile on his respectable face.

MR. BROWN
David.

DAVID
I don't have the money. So if you want to kill me, I say bring it on 'cause I don't give a shit anymore. In fact -- yeah -- do me. It would be a fucking relief.

Mr. Brown lets out a sad sigh.

MR. BROWN
That's too bad. I hate to see this kind of fatalism. I really do. You pose an interesting problem for me, David. I don't mean because you're a cop. I've dealt with cops before. It's because you're so hell-bent on self-destruction. Physical threats have no affect on you. And if I kill you, well, I can't get your money.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
So what I do in cases like this... and you're forcing me here... I threaten the life of someone you love. A wife... a child... a brother.

David goes ballistic.

DAVID
You fucking piece of --

But before David can attack Mr. Brown, one Enforcer grabs him from behind as the other punches him in the gut. David drops to the sidewalk on his knees, gasping for breath, unable to fight.

DAVID
(continuing; gasping)
John's not part of this...

Mr. Brown drops his gentlemanly facade long enough to give David a vicious kick to the ribs. David collapses and crumples up in the wet snow.

MR. BROWN
January one -- or your nigger brother is dead.

David lies there, face splattered with freezing slush as Mr. Brown and his Enforcers return to the Towncar and drive away.

Frank the bartender is standing in the open door to the bar. He has seen the whole thing. He runs to David and helps him to his feet.

FRANK
Jesus, Davey...

DAVID
Don't tell John.

David spits blood into the snow.

CUT TO:

118 INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 118

A key turns in the lock. David stumbles in and clicks on the light. We see that his clothes are torn and his face is bloody -- but worst of all, his spirit has been broken.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

David shuts and locks the door. Feeling utterly helpless, he shrugs off his coat and flings it across the room.

The coat strikes the leg of a card table, causing it to fall over. Books, magazines, food wrappers and other objects tumble to the floor -- including the Money Train model that David stole from Patterson's office.

The little Money Train rolls across the floor and comes to a stop at the toe of David's boot. David looks down at it... and a desperate hope begins to rise in his heart. Maybe there is a way out of this. From the Money Train model, we...

CUT TO:

119 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY 119

The real Money Train as it roars overhead on its way to the city. Camera angles down to David standing on the Manhattan side of the East River in the shadow of the Bridge. He smiles and walks to his car, a battered Cadillac. David slides behind the wheel and scribbles on a notepad, then puts the car in gear and drives off.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY 120

David climbs over a low wall, searches around and finds what he's looking for. Hidden in the overgrowth and foliage is a grating -- an emergency exit hatch from the subway below. David stands over the grating as a train rumbles underneath, sending up a blast of air.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY 121

John is putting Grace in her car, an old Hyundai.

GRACE
You gotta be at the party, John. It's important.

JOHN
(suspicious)
Why?

GRACE
Just be there.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

Grace gives John a kiss and drives away. John is surprised to see Frank (the Carriage House bartender) coming down the sidewalk to meet him. Frank looks troubled.

JOHN
Frank? You lost? What're you doing out here?

FRANK
Johnny, there's something I got to tell you. It's about David.

John tenses, knowing it's got to be bad news.

CUT TO:

122 INT. BROWN'S RESTAURANT, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT - DAY 122

Mr. Brown sits in a booth near the entrance, scribbling figures on a notepad and taking occasional sips from a cappuccino. The restaurant, which doubles as Mr. Brown's social club and office, is closed at this time of day, midafternoon. Mr. Brown is alone with the exception of his two Enforcers -- the men who beat up David. They sit on stools at the bar, watching a TV soccer match with the sound turned off.

The bell above the door goes ting-a-ling. The two Enforcers turn as John enters.

FIRST ENFORCER
Can't you read? The restaurant --

John slams his elbow into the Enforcer's face with terrific force. The second muscle tries to dismount his stool, but John has already kicked it out from under him. As he falls, John brings up his knee and cracks the big oaf under the chin. The Two Enforcers collapse on top of each other, totally senseless.

Mr. Brown barely has time to register a look of panic. John grabs him by the throat and yanks him out of his booth. John swings and slams him hard against the bar. John's eyes are blazing. The violence inside him is truly frightening to behold.

JOHN
Remember me? I'm David Kaylor's brother. I just dropped by to make a personal appeal for an extension on the fifteen grand he owes you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm giving you my personal guarantee that the money will be paid, even if I have to pass the hat around every precinct house in the city. If anything happens to my brother -- or to me, for that matter -- a lot of pissed-off cops are gonna land on you with both feet. That clear?

Mr. Brown manages to nod. John releases him, steps back. He straightens Mr. Brown's coat and tie.

JOHN
(continuing)
And oh, yeah...
(a deadly smile)
Who you callin' 'nigger'?

John slams a fist into Mr. Brown's jaw that sends him flying the length of the room, spewing cash in all directions. Greatly satisfied, John walks to the door and goes out. The little bell goes ting-a-ling.

CUT TO:

123 INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 123

The card table is covered with subway maps and written notations. David sits in the window examining the Money Train model, humming to himself. He seems revved up, excited.

There is a knock at the door. David goes over and looks through the peephole. He unlocks the door and opens it to reveal Grace.

DAVID
Grace.

David steps aside and allows Grace inside. She looks around at the mess.

GRACE
Men.

DAVID
I know. I could use a woman in my life. Oh, wait. I tried that.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

GRACE
I guess you have every right to hate me.

DAVID
I don't hate anybody -- except maybe myself. Look, I'm the one who caused this situation and I'm the one who's gonna put it right.

GRACE
(encouraged)
You could start tonight. There's a New Year's Eve party at the Carriage House. John's gonna be there and I --

DAVID
Grace, I wish I could come. Really. But there's this big deal I've been working on and tonight's the night.

GRACE
Can't you put it off?

DAVID
No. It's sort of a now-or-never proposition.

GRACE
That's a little vague, David.

DAVID
Let's just say that no matter what happens tonight, I won't be a burden to John anymore. We both know he's better off without me.

David steers Grace back to the door.

GRACE
David...

DAVID
I got things to do, Grace.

GRACE
What should I tell John?

DAVID
Give him this.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2) 123

David hands Grace the Money Train model.

DAVID
(continuing)
Tell him it's a down payment on a new life.

Grace gives him a strange look and leaves. David closes the door. He walks to the closet, throws it open, and starts pulling out clothes. They all have one thing in common. They are all black.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - NIGHT 124

The Money Train heads into the city to make its nightly collections.

125 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT 125

The mother of all mob scenes undulating around and under the big apple on top of #1 Times Square. We hear the sounds of early celebration -- firecrackers, the blaring of car horns.

126 EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - NIGHT 126

David parks his battered Cadillac near the wall that runs parallel to the hidden grating -- the emergency exit hatch he checked out earlier. David gets out and walks to the Columbus Circle subway entrance.

127 EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT 127

David goes down the stairs, descending into the shadowy world of the subway.

128 INT. MOVING SUBWAY TRAIN - BRONX STATION #9 - NIGHT 128

David peers out the window of an Express as it rockets through a station in the Bronx, passing the Money Train which is at the platform being loaded with money bags.

129 INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE BAR - NIGHT 129

All the cops are dancing with their dates. Lights are low but the beat is intense -- Aretha Franklin's "Rock Steady."

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

The entire room is bouncing and whooping. John enters and tries to locate Grace.

A hand grabs John by the arm and pulls him into a dark corner. It's Grace. Out of sight -- or at least unnoticed -- they grab each other and kiss. When they finally come up for air...

GRACE
Happy New Year.

JOHN
(a happy smile)
It's possible.

GRACE
I hope you don't mind. I tried to get David to come.

JOHN
Bad idea.

GRACE
No, he seemed really different, like he was trying to face up to his problems. Wait. He asked me to give you something.

Grace turns around and digs through her bag on the window sill. She finds the Money Train and slaps it into John's hand.

GRACE
(continuing)
He said it was a down payment on a new life.

John stares at the Money Train with a combination of horror and admiration.

GRACE
(continuing)
John, what's wrong?

JOHN
He's gonna do it. The sonovabitch is really gonna do it.

130 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - NIGHT 130

David is on the platform in his dark outfit. A GROUP OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE STUDENTS are goofing with each other, laughing and drunk. David checks his watch and leans out to look into the tunnel. A pinprick of light appears. A train is coming.

Now David does something that seems positively insane. Sure that no one is watching him, he walks to the far end of the platform, jumps into the trench and, believe it or not, lies down on his back in the middle of the track.

131 EXT. 42ND STREET - LIBRARY ENTRANCE - NIGHT 131

The vast steps, the lions -- and John, roaring by on his motorcycle, streaking Uptown.

132 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - NIGHT 132

BACK TO DAVID lying on the track. He pulls a black ski mask over his head. David hears the rumble and racket of the approaching train, growing to unbearable loudness. The screech of brakes, steel sliding on steel. David shuts his eyes and tries to lie perfectly still, but it's not easy with all those tons of metal coming to roll over you.

133 INT. MONEY TRAIN - MOTORMAN'S CAB - NIGHT 133

The MOTORMAN brakes as the train rushes out of the tunnel and heads for the station. He does not notice the figure in black lying prone in the center of the track ahead. He is totally oblivious as the train comes to a stop, positioned right over David.

134 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 134

The bay door of the Money Train slides open with a clang and SIX shotgun-wielding GUARDS hustle out. The interior is already packed with bags of money. The doors clang shut as the Guards go to the token booth safe.

135 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 135

The floor hatch flies open and David's ski-masked head pops up from below.

136 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - PLATFORM / TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT 136

The Money Train Guards are collecting the bags from the token booth safe.

137 INT. MONEY TRAIN - MOTORMAN'S CAB - NIGHT 137

The door to his compartment slides open and the barrel of a gun is pressed to the side of his head. Out of the corners of his frightened eyes, he sees a man in a black ski mask on the other end of the gun.

DAVID
Let's roll.

Trying not to piss his pants, the Motorman does as he's told.

138 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 138

The Guards look on in confusion and disbelief as the Money Train leaves the station without them. Two of the Guards chase after it, shouting and banging on the side until it slides into the tunnel and they can chase it no more.

139 INT. RTO COMMAND - NIGHT 139

Close on the big board. We see the blue light signifying a train in the 135th Street station go out as the Money Train heads for its next southbound stop -- 125th Street.

Pull back to see the room: the consoles and DISPATCHERS. The wall clock reads 11:38 PM. People are wearing party hats, laughing and celebrating, anticipating midnight, acting a little loosey-goosey.

Close on the big board. The blue light which signifies the Money Train approaching 125th Street lights up.

A phone rings. A DISPATCHER casually picks it up, still grinning at some joke. She listens...

DISPATCHER
(in disbelief)
You sure about that?
(to her co-workers)
Possible problem here. The Money Train took off and left the Collection Agents at 135th Street. Somebody better call Patterson.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

Stricken looks. That's a job nobody wants.

140 EXT. SOUTH OF TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT 140

CROWDS converge on Times Square, trying to get there for the big countdown. People scream and scatter as John appears on his motorcycle, riding like a bat out of hell, trying to get Uptown.

141 INT. TUNNEL #5 - NIGHT 141

The Money Train slows down. The bay door slides open and the Motorman is shoved out by David,

DAVID
Hit the road, Jack.

The Motorman lands on his feet and scrambles back in the direction they came from.

142 INT. MONEY TRAIN - MOTORMAN'S CAB - NIGHT 142

David yanks off his ski mask, face flushed but digging every second. He increases the train's speed to the next series. David leans out of the cab and looks back into the car at all those fabulous money bags.

143 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - NIGHT 143

Where David stole the train. Donald Patterson, arriving from some party, joins the Money Train Guards and other Transit officers.

PATTERSON
(calm, efficient)
Where's my Money Train?

FIRST GUARD
According to Command, it's somewhere around 110th Street.

Patterson turns as a passenger train arrives in the station.

PATTERSON
(to the Guards)
Let's go.

Patterson and the Money Train Guards board the train.

144 INT. 135TH STREET BRONX SUBWAY STATION #10 - PASSENGER TRAIN - NIGHT 144

As it moves out of the station, Patterson makes his way to the lead car, followed by the armed Money Train Guards. Passengers shrink back, wondering what's going on.

A CONDUCTOR comes to meet Patterson. Patterson flashes his credentials.

PATTERSON
Conductor, I'm taking this train.

CONDUCTOR
You can't do that.

PATTERSON
Oh, but I can.

We push in on Patterson's face -- diabolically calm.

145 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT 145

John rides up and puts on the brakes, going into a slide. The crowd here is so thick that there's no way John can get through or around, not even on his bike. So he merely simply changes direction and heads for the Times Square subway. People get out of the way as John plunges down the stairs.

146 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #11 - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT 146

John and his bike come bouncing and flying into the main terminal. He swerves to miss the turnstiles and crashes through a work area where new turnstiles are to be installed. He zooms down a series of ramps and finally rides out on a platform.

147 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #11 - NORTHBOUND PLATFORM - NIGHT 147

People look on in disbelief as John powers the bike right off the platform and lands in the trench, sliding over, barely avoiding the third rail.

148 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #11 - NORTHBOUND TRACKS - NIGHT 148

John rights his bike and zooms into the tunnel, headed north.

149 INT. NORTHBOUND TUNNEL #6 - NIGHT 149

John hears a roar behind him and over his shoulder as an Express train bears down on him. John gives the bike full throttle, praying that he can stay ahead of the Express as its headlights burn into his back.

150 INT. NEXT SUBWAY STATION #12 - NIGHT 150

John bursts out of the tunnel and into the next station with the Express train right on his ass.

151 INT. TUNNEL #7 - NIGHT 151

David brings the Money Train to a grinding stop.

152 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 152

David goes to the piles of money bags, separating the coin and token bags, concentrating on the cash bags. He checks the locking clips and finds the two bags with the largest amounts of cash.

153 INT. TUNNEL #7 - NIGHT 153

David climbs off the train with the two bags slung over his shoulder. Staggering under the weight, David makes his way to a ladder that leads to an emergency exit. He starts climbing, hand over hand, extremely proud of his success.

ANGLE

David climbs with his $200,000 burden. He reaches the top, pushes open the emergency hatch, and is hit in the face with a whoosh of cold night air.

154 EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAVID'S POV - NIGHT 154

He sees hooves... horse hooves! What the hell?

David looks up and sees THREE MOUNTED COPS, hiding out in the park, copping an unscheduled break, cracking beers and shooting the shit. In the distance over the wall is David's getaway car, the old Cadillac. But there's no way to get there.

155 INT. TUNNEL #7 - CLOSE ON DAVID - NIGHT 155

Stunned. Devastated. He carefully closes the hatch and climbs back down.

DAVID
Shit.

156 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 156

David returns to the Motorman's cab and gets the train moving again. He digs inside his jacket and pulls out a map. He scans it as he increases the train's speed.

157 INT. TUNNEL #8 - NIGHT 157

The Money Train negotiates a long, winding curve.

158 INT. MONEY TRAIN - MOTORMAN'S CAB - NIGHT 158

Through the grimy windshield, David reacts to something on the track ahead. He throws the brake.

159 INT. TUNNEL #9 - DAVID'S POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - NIGHT 159

Coming up ahead, revealed slowly in the wash of light and darkness, is John, astride his motorcycle, blocking the tracks. John's arms are folded across his chest and he wears a weary expression -- like a father who's just caught his kid joyriding in the family car.

160 INT. TUNNEL #9 - REVERSE ANGLE - NIGHT 160

From behind John, we watch as the train grinds to a stop.

The forward door slides open and David is revealed, framed in the light. He shields his eyes with one hand and blinks at his tightly coiled brother.

DAVID
How'd you find me?

JOHN
You told me the plan, remember?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

DAVID
Plan didn't work. But I figure if I can get across the Manhattan Bridge to Brooklyn, I can off-load the money in the rail yards. Worth a shot, don't you think?
(a beat)
Come with me, John. All you gotta do is climb on board.

JOHN
Can't do it.

DAVID
Why not?

JOHN
It's wrong, David. No matter how you look at it, it's wrong.

David's face darkens.

DAVID
What're you saying? You gonna bust me, John?

JOHN
No. I'm gonna get your ass out of here before it ends up in jail.

DAVID
Too late for that.
(determined)
Get out of the way, John. I'm coming through.

John gets off his bike, equally determined.

JOHN
Then I guess I'll have to stop you.

DAVID
Really? How are you gonna stop me if you can't catch me?

David slides the door shut. He slips into the Motorman's cab and puts the train in motion. John is forced to jump aside as the front end of the Money Train smashes into his beloved motorcycle and sends it cartwheeling into the tunnel wall. Crunch! It bounces off and lands next to the track, a twisted and broken wreck.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2) 160

JOHN
(angry; under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

John narrows his eyes at the departing train, then takes off after it. He grabs the tailgate of the follow car and hoists himself up on its platform. He tries the door. It's locked, of course. Cursing under his breath, John looks for hand and footholds and climbs up on the roof of the follow car.

161 INT. TUNNEL #10 - NIGHT 161

The Money Train gets up to speed, rocketing past camera. We catch a flash of John on top, hugging the roof, slowly making his way along the follow car to the lead car.

162 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 162

David pushes the speed control to the max.

163 INT. TUNNEL #10 - NIGHT 163

Holding onto rivets and seams with his fingers, John works his way to the front of the follow car. He has to keep his head low, due to the low clearance of the tunnel., John judges the space between the follow car and the lead car...

John crouches, then springs forward and lands on the roof of the lead car. But the rocking and swaying of the train causes him to slide off towards the edge. He barely manages to hang on as the train goes into a turn.

164 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 164

David leans out of the cab and looks back into the car as the ceiling hatch is thrown open and John drops down, breathing hard.

DAVID
Change your mind?

John comes at him, really pissed.

JOHN
It's over, David.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

John shoulders David aside and tries to take control of the train. David grabs him from behind and they tumble out of the cab, struggling. David gets John in a headlock and shouts into his ear.

DAVID
Guess what? Saving my ass isn't your job anymore!

David tightens his grip. John begins to gasp.

DAVID
(continuing)
Don't make me choke you out!

John squats, sets his legs, then throws his body backwards, slamming David against the wall. David lets go and drops to the floor. John stumbles into the cab, coughing for air.

John looks at the controls. But before he can hit the brakes...

The Chase Train whooshes up alongside, outside the window, running on the next track. John turns and catches a brief flash of Patterson and Two Guards aiming shotguns.

Ka-boom! Ka-boom!

John ducks just in time as the Motorman's window explodes in a storm of glass.

David clambers up to John on his hands and knees. They wince as another blast rocks the train.

DAVID
(continuing)
Company?

JOHN
Patterson -- and he's a little pissed!

DAVID
Can you blame him?
(with glee)
We stole his Money Train!

Ka-boom! Another tremendous blast. John is thinking. Hard.

JOHN
Can we make the Bridge?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2) 164

DAVID
Yeah -- if we can beat them to the cross switch.

JOHN
How far is it?

DAVID
Mile -- maybe two.

JOHN
(rising to the challenge)
Then we'd better get this bitch crankin'!

John pushes the speed governor to the next series.

165 EXT. CHASE TRAIN - NIGHT 165

The Guards have all the windows down and are pumping ammo into the side of the Money Train, pocking and marking its armored hull.

166 INT. CHASE TRAIN - NIGHT 166

Angry and terrified PASSENGERS make their way to the lead car to protest. Patterson sees them coming and gestures for some of the Guards to move the Passengers back to the next car.

167 INT. TUNNEL #11 - NIGHT 167

The Money Train pulls out ahead of the Chase Train.

168 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 168

John notices David regarding him with a fond smile.

JOHN
What're you grinning at?

DAVID
I just realized. There was only one thing missing from my plan.

JOHN
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

DAVID
You.

John gives David a dirty look and David grins back as the Money Train roars into the darkness.

169 INT. TUNNEL #12 - NIGHT 169

The two trains racket along. The Chase Train pulls even with the Money Train.

170 INT. CHASE TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - NIGHT 170

People hang onto the straps and seats for dear life. Some are screaming, some are praying, convinced they're all going to die.

171 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #11 - PLATFORM - NIGHT 171

We see from the clock that it's 10 minutes 'til midnight. The platform is crowded with REVELERS waiting for trains. What they do not expect is the sudden sight of two trains roaring out of the tunnel side by side, accompanied by shotgun blasts. As the battling trains streak past, the crowd watches in wide-eyed wonder.

172 INT. RTO COMMAND - NIGHT 172

Supervisors and Dispatchers are riveted to the big board where they watch the two trains set off lights.

DISPATCHER
Look at this. Patterson's running side by side with the Money Train.

SECOND DISPATCHER
Those parallels are headed for a crossing switch...
(pointing to the board)
... here, below 35th Street.

SUPERVISOR
Raise those trains and tell them the situation.

173 INT. TUNNEL #13 - NIGHT 173

The two trains are neck and neck. Over the noise, we hear the squawk of a radio message:

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Attention Revenue Collection Train and Number Four Train. This is RTO Command. You are instructed to fall back. You are on a collision course...

174 INT. CHASE TRAIN - NIGHT 174

The Guards are still pumping shots out the window, trying to ruin the Money Train's day. The Motorman turns to Patterson in response to the message.

MOTORMAN
You heard Command. We gotta fall back.

Patterson's face is hard, committed.

PATTERSON
Don't touch those controls.

MOTORMAN
We gotta fall back!

Patterson grabs the Motorman and throws him out of the cab. Then he assumes control of the train himself.

The Guards have witnessed Patterson's act. They lower their guns and look at each other in fear and confusion. Patterson seems eerily calm, ignoring all danger.

175 INT. TUNNEL #14 - NIGHT 175

It's a game of high-speed "chicken" between two hurtling hunks of iron. The trains shake, rattle and roll along. Neither is willing to give way.

176 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 176

David shouts to John, who looks like a man possessed.

DAVID
John, I got a news flash! Patterson ain't slowing down!

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: 176

JOHN
(total commitment)
Neither are we.

DAVID
Just checking.

177 INT. TUNNEL #15 - THEIR POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - NIGHT 177

Coming up in the headlights -- the two tracks crisscross and go into different tunnels.

178 INT. TUNNEL #15 - NIGHT 178

The trains, side by side -- seconds from collision.

179 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 179

John and David look at each other. This is it. The Final Curtain. They are terrified and exhilarated at the same time.

180 INT. TUNNEL #15 - THE CROSSING SWITCH IN THE F.G. - NIGHT 180

And the two trains bearing down on us.

181 INT. CHASE TRAIN - NIGHT 181

Patterson is like a juggernaut, shoving the controls to the max -- unemotional, unyielding.

The Guards have had enough. One of them grabs Patterson around the neck and yanks him out of the cab. A Second Guard dives in and hits the emergency brake.

182 INT. TUNNEL #15 - NIGHT 182

Just as the two trains are about to collide, the Chase Train falls back, wheels locking in a shower of sparks. The Money Train gets to the crossing switch first.

183 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 183

John and David can't believe it. They [illegible] of victory.

184 INT. TUNNEL #15 - NIGHT 184

But the Chase Train is moving fast enough to clip the ass end of the Money Train. The Money Train manages to keep going and disappears into a tunnel. The Chase Train goes off into the other tunnel.

Brakes locking, the Chase Train comes to a sudden, violent stop.

185 INT. CHASE TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - NIGHT 185

People have managed to survive. Some are crying. Some are banged up. All of them are pissed off.

186 INT. CHASE TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 186

The Guards finally stop rolling and tumbling around the car. They are shaken up but otherwise okay. One by one they get to their feet, stepping back to reveal Patterson in the rear of the car. He sits on the floor, holding his head in his hands. He is not hurt. But he is utterly defeated.

PATTERSON
Fuck.

187 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 187

As the train pitches and rocks, John and David are slammed around the cab.

188 INT. TUNNEL #16 - NIGHT 188

The Money Train is a blur of motion -- a guided missile.

Moonlight appears at the end of the tunnel and here's the reason why: this track leads out of the subway to the Manhattan Bridge!

189 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - NIGHT 189

We see the Money Train burst out of the tunnel and hurtle across a narrow trestle to a track on the side of the Manhattan Bridge. The train is out of control, rocking back and forth, smashing against the guard rails, shearing the paint right off its side.

190 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 190

John and David are thrown off their feet and slammed back and forth from one side of the car to the other. Money bags begin to tumble off the shelves. Carts slide loose and start banging around.

191 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 191

As we look on in horror, the front wheels jump off the track. The full force of the rampaging train knocks out the guard rails on the river side of the Bridge. Metal twists and screams.

In a storm of sparks, the lead car of the Money Train explodes through the guard rail, hurtles out into open space -- and slams to a stop in midair. It teeters there, hanging downward, anchored by the follow car which is wedged into the struts of the Bridge above.

192 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 192

Stunned but otherwise okay, John and David are sprawled on a cushion of money bags.

193 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 193

By some miracle the lead car hangs over the East River. Below, a tugboat passes.

194 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 194

Like a couple of woozy drunks, John and David manage to get to their feet. The interior lights flicker and strobe.

JOHN
We're outta here.

John makes his way to the rear door, but realizes that David isn't with him. He turns back and sees David sorting through the money bags, finding the ones he wants.

JOHN
(continuing)
The money stays.

DAVID
You think I went through all this to walk away empty handed?

David approaches John with an armload of money bags.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

JOHN
(meaning it)
The money stays.

DAVID
(trying to move past John)
Fuck you, John.

John explodes a fist off David's jaw. David falls back, dropping the bags.

David touches his busted lip and looks up at John standing over him, hard and tough.

JOHN
What are you? A thief? You just another chain snatcher, David?

Anger rising, David lunges forward and tackles John around the waist, bringing him down. They struggle on top of the money. The train gives a lurch and they slide downward.

They get up. David goes to pick up a bag and John lays into him with both fists. David fights back, attacking John. They knock each other around the compartment.

DAVID
(as they pound each other)
Why are you doing this? We can have it all!

JOHN
It's not who we are!

DAVID
It's who I am!

JOHN
I don't believe that!

John knocks David's legs out from under him. As David goes down, John lands on top of him. They punch and struggle, thrashing and rolling around the car.

They break free and slam away at each other with everything they've got. All the bottled-up anger and frustration of 20 years comes erupting to the surface. David is fighting for all the things he thinks life has denied him. John is fighting for David's soul.

195 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 195

We see the Money Train straining against the struts, liable to break free at any moment and plunge into the river below.

196 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 196

John and David knock each other from one end of the car to the other, no holds barred. The contest is even. The boys match each other punch for punch, blow for blow.

The fight is so exhaustive, so punishing that John and David literally beat each other into submission. Exhausted, spent, they regard each other from opposite ends of the car. David is beside the rear exit. This is his chance to take the money and run. John is tired, disgusted.

JOHN
Take the money. Take it and get out.

David feels the sting of John's rejection. He looks at the money. He looks at John. John's face is unforgiving.

DAVID
John...

JOHN.
Go on. Let's see what kind of a man you really are.

197 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 197

Struts snap. The follow car gives a lurch and pushes the lead car so far outward that it drops downward at an angle, swinging back and forth.

198 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 198

The floor comes out from under John and David. They are slammed against the ceiling as all the money sacks come tumbling and sliding down around them. The inside of the car is transformed into a swinging chute.

David grabs hold on a passenger strap at the top of the car, clutching as many money bags as he can.

But John slides halfway toward the bottom. The weight of all the fallen money sacks causes the forward door to burst open and everything that isn't nailed down begins to pour out of the train.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED: 198

Then, if that isn't enough, the side doors slide open with a clang and fierce wind whips through the car, creating a storm of flying objects.

Money bags rip open, transformed into a hurricane of cash. John is at the bottom of the car, buried in an avalanche of money. But looking upward, he can see that David has a chance to escape.

JOHN
David -- get out!

John slides down towards that open forward door. It waits for him like a hungry mouth. Two hundred feet below -- the East River, a cold, wet death. David looks on in horror.

JOHN
(continuing)
I said get out!

DAVID
Can't hear ya!

David drops the money bags and goes after his brother, scrambling down the wall shelving, using it like a ladder.

DAVID
(continuing)
Hold on! I'm coming!

199 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 199

The weight of the hanging lead car is beginning to pull the follow car with it, ever so slowly. We hear groaning metal. The whole thing will go over in a matter of minutes... maybe seconds.

200 INT. MONEY TRAIN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT 200

The train gives another violent lurch. John loses his grip and slides downward, racing to a date with the open door and the river below. As he tumbles through the door --

David's hand grabs John's arm and holds him fast.

John dangles in space over the river.

DAVID
I got you, John.

JOHN
About time.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED: 200

David pulls John back inside. Realizing the train could fall at any moment, they begin the dangerous climb to the top of the car.

Straining painfully, John and David climb together, helping each other, hand over hand, up the shelf ladder, finally making it to the rear door which now frames a fat, full moon in the sky above.

201 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 201

More struts rip away as the follow car inches toward the edge.

202 INT. MONEY TRAIN - NIGHT 202

John and David clamber through the follow car, whose floor is pitched at a steep angle. And it's getting steeper and steeper as the tail end of the car begins to tip upward in preparation for the fall.

203 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 203

The back end of the follow car is tipped almost straight up. Only a few struts of twisted guard rail hold it in place. The rails are buckling, about to give.

204 INT. MONEY TRAIN - FOLLOW CAR - NIGHT 204

John shoves open the rear door. He climbs out and steps onto an emergency ladder connected to the Bridge.

205 EXT. MONEY TRAIN - FOLLOW CAR - NIGHT 205

Clinging to the ladder with one hand, John reaches down inside the car for David. David looks back at the cash, then turns his back on it and reaches up to clasp John's hand.

Then it happens. All the struts tear loose and the Money Train falls straight down.

John jerks David upward and out through the rear door of the follow car.

The train falls away toward the dark river.

From the ladder, John and David watch in awe as the Money Train plunges 200 feet into the East River.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

JOHN
Why do you do this shit to me?

DAVID
You're my brother.

The Money Train hits the water with a tremendous splash and sinks out of sight. The train... the money... all gone.

206 ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT 206

Traffic is at a standstill. Horns are honking and radios are blasting in preparation for midnight, which is only seconds away. People are out of their cars. PEDESTRIANS move along the walkway.

No one takes much notice of John and David climbing up over the rail and blending in with the other Pedestrians on their way to the city.

VOICES count it down: "Three... two... one!"

In the distance, fireworks explode in the sky over Manhattan. The New Year has come. Horns honk and people cheer.

JOHN AND DAVID

They walk along, mingling with the revelers. Glad to be alive. Glad to be together. David touches his jaw.

DAVID
Damn, you got one helluva punch. I think you knocked a couple of my teeth loose.

JOHN
Good. Did you learn your lesson?

DAVID
Yeah. Next time I'll hit the train in Brooklyn at the end of the line.

John flares. He grabs David and spins him around. David bursts into a big grin. "Gotcha."

DAVID
(continuing)
Man, you got no sense of humor.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 206

John grins gratefully. He releases his grip on David and straightens out his collar. They continue down the walkway, side by side. Fireworks continue to explode above them. It's a beautiful night.

JOHN
How's it feel to be poor again?

DAVID
(with a smile)
Mom was always afraid I'd end up a bum.

On the word "bum", we...

CUT TO:

207 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - NIGHT 207

We push in on David as he stumbles down a ramp in decoy mode, wobbly and all fucked up, hair askew. A bum.

David stops and grips a handrail for support. He's wearing a gold chain and a phony gold Rolex watch.

TWO YOUTHS stop to check him out. Over this, we hear John's quiet, disembodied voice:

JOHN (V.O.)
Be advised, we got two maybe players. Late teens. One white, one Hispanic... scoping out the D.

208 INT. PHONE BANKS ON THE LEVEL ABOVE - TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT 208

Where we discover Grace, sporting Walkman earphones. She speaks into a hand-held radio, observing the scene below.

GRACE
Looks like they're moving on.

209 INT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION #1 - NEXT LEVEL NEAR ESCALATORS - NIGHT 209

Above Grace, John stands at the top of the escalators. He can see David two levels down as the Youths give up and walk away.

(CONTINUED)

David continues to clutch the handrail, wobbling drunkenly. He lets out a loud belch. Like a mighty roar, it booms and echoes throughout the entire Times Square station. The guy's a natural.

John looks down at Grace and they share a smile, always impressed by David's performance. John whispers into his radio:

JOHN
All clear, all quiet around the D.

FADE TO BLACK.

A burst of static, then...

JOHN (V.O.)
(continuing)
Repeat. All clear, all quiet around the D.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END